13 MAY 1931
MADRAS

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TO MOTHER INDIA.

Ai Mata Ji! Beloved but long estranged! I stand without,
Lest you should say me Nay.
I knock: I wait before the door whence never yet
Hath one in beggar's garb gone grieved away.
Behold me clad in saffron robe with bowl and rosarie,
Hidden within its veil my face—forgotten quite—
My hands outstretched.
Ah! take the bowl—'tis filled with love—
And give me what you will.
The Rosarie I keep
In memory of communings at dusk beneath the pipal tree,
Which angels listened to and bore to God.
My Rosarie!
Not a remembrancer of "The Name" graved
On my heart—and yet—
No devotee could hold his string of beads more dear
Than I hold mine:
For I regard each one a shrine,
In which to keep some precious word of thine;
This one! and this! and ... ...
(Can *you* forget what once you said to me?)
"*Child of the West, yet mine,*
May naught but Death part thee and me".

A. D.

(By an Englishwoman, who lived many years in the Punjab, and learnt to love India. She has now returned to her own land, but continues her loving interest in the women and children of our mother-land).

SUPERSTITIONS.

I believe superstitions are as much a national property as any-thing else; and I wonder why writers on political thought have failed to reckon them as one of the factors that contribute to the

development of different nationalities. Today, every nation on earth, whether advanced or backward in civilization, has its own superstitions, sometimes radically different from those of its neighbours, at other times rather akin to them. It is also not uncommon for one people to call other nations superstitious, though their own belief in superstitions is more firm than in their own religion. This is only one of the innumerable weaknesses of human nature.

It is possible and interesting to trace the origin and history of some of the superstitions of the world, but one has to do regular research work in this field to get the full reward. Now I confess my inability to do patient research, and my readers must allow me to mention some of those superstitions without obliging me to trace their origin and growth.

The Chinese never construct houses of any considerable height, and the reason for this is that their ancestors live in the air and they will be offended if the houses rise too high. When a man dies in their land, useful things are burnt so that he may enjoy them in the spirit world. Red paintings attract fires in the neighbourhood, weather cocks inspire disease and telegraph poles will produce earthquakes. It seems the souls of the Chinese leave the bodies with reluctance and can be recalled by the mourning relatives, if they delay the burial and make attempts to recall the departed souls by loud cries from house-tops. But unfortunately no deceased Chinanan's soul has come back till now, and perhaps the souls are so deaf that the cries raised by the relatives on the top of the houses are not loud enough to reach their ears.

Their neighbours, the Japanese, who have lately made such a rush to civilization, are also not without time honoured and perhaps immortal superstitions. You will find vases of flowers with their branches in every house in Japan. But they cannot have an even number of sprays and never in any case four. Four means death to them. Women are not allowed to climb beyond the eighth station of the revered Fujiyama, though ladies in Japan are in no way behind their men in religious zeal. In the evenings of the month of June, you can see a number of fire-flies in the swamps of Uji. They are supposed to be the ghosts of old warriors.

Do not think that superstitions are the entire monopoly of the Orient. The Portugese believe in enchanted wells and as many votive offerings are made to wells and trees in their country as to saints in Spain. Even in Anti-religious Russia, a clergyman is supposed to have the power of driving away evil influences from the household hearth. If the peasants want rain next Thursday, they take the priest a present of eggs on Monday. The dead are supposed to come to claim the eggs and vegetables placed in graves once a year. Seven years of revolution have not succeeded in wiping away Russian superstitions completely.

In Yugo-slavia every house has a wreath of corn-ears hung up on the outer wall, brought back from the harvest festival. If it is stolen, a daughter of the house will be shortly married. A well-cleaned bullock's head set up on poles in gardens will keep off fiends and witches. Vampires are said to enter the bodies of children at their birth, and these children, we are told, soon acquire the habit of flying about at night-time and sucking people's blood; but they may usually be exorcised with an amulet of garlic.

Transylvania, according to a Times Summary of Mr. Hoppe's remarkable book on Rumania claims to be "the haunt of vampires who never die, of water witches to whom brides must pay blood-money for their grooms, of giants who disguise themselves as birds, of a demon who spits diamonds, of Morvi who carry their coffins after death, and of nymphs and fairies. Indeed there is that sinister *scholomance*, at the mere name of which men used to shudder in the middle ages, where the devil keeps a school for young philosophers who have to ride a dragon down the bottom of an inky tarn, there to brew thunder with their master."

The mild native Kikuyus of Kenya believe that death is contagious and no one must touch a corpse for fear of being contaminated by the germ of death. Hence, before a person is dead he is placed in an open hut where hyenas can find him. Certain people in the Barbary states undergo voluntary torture by devourine scorpions and prickly-pears, or piercing their flesh with spears to please their deities.

Omens have a powerful influence on the Italians and the French and the English believed in witches for a long time. Will-O'-the-wisp, Faery Mab and goblins are still expected by many an English peasant and a black cat is sure to bring luck to high and low alike.

Indians are not behind other nations, so far as superstitions are concerned. In fact, our superstitions excel the rest in their originality and variety. Perhaps India can also boast of having the largest number in proportion to her population, whose lives and activities are guided more by superstition than by anything else.

Though there are rare instances, where superstitions have encouraged men and women to perform great deeds, the next result has been in no way satisfactory. One must live in villages to see the havoc caused by time-honoured superstitions. It is the women who suffer from their tyranny more than men. In India, it is said, that women are responsible for adhering to the old traditions and maintaining orthodoxy, because men have gone, and do go way now and then, from both of them. But how glorious it would have been, if they had not given a place to those dangerous superstitions along with the old traditions!

There are ever so many homes in our country where cholera and small pox have been attributed to the anger of deities, and since these deities will get more angry if medicines are administered to the poor victims, they have to die without medical aid. How often superstition is the cause of many a quarrel among otherwise peaceful neighbours! How often are sincere compliments to good looks or health, or a sweet voice perverted to the 'evil eye' and 'black tongue'! What a lot of chilies and salt are burnt daily in kitchen ovens to ward off 'evil eyes'! What a fuss is made about a girl falling ill, believing that the mother-in-law or sister-in-law has had resource to black art! How often is a son prevented from being present at a particular place at a particular house whereby, he is to gain some thing important, because the mother scents an ill omen when he is about to start!

Children and sometimes expectant mothers suffer, from terrible convulsions. Superstitious people do not give them the benefit of a doctor's advice. The convulsions are supposed to be the play of the devils who have settled in their body. I have heard a story to the effect that a mother refused to give consent to her daughter's marriage to a man whom she loved, because an astrologer predicted that he was to bring bad luck to the family, as he had a black mark on his left arm. The daughter was disappointed and committed suicide. Eclipses are supposed to have the power of disfiguring the child that is to be born shortly. If a wife reminds her husband of something when he is stepping out on business, he is bound to meet with failure that day.

It is impossible to mention all the superstitions prevalent in our country. As I said before, they are doing more harm than good to our people. Some of us may not feel the attacks hurled on us, when we know that they are the result of the superstitions of the parties concerned. But all of us are not given the benefit of modern education and we feel sorry for them. Again, when poor villagers spend their last pie in seeking the aid of necromancers and sorcerers, we should do something to make the former less ignorant and less superstitious.

So let me appeal to you, educated ladies, to do what you can in the matter. Try to reason with your superstitious neighbour and convince her that her superstitions are incredible and dangerous. If you do this systematically and sincerely, you will be able to convert her and make her happy. You can have the satisfaction of rendering not only social service, but national good also.

C. P. KAMAKSHMI AMMA

SOCIAL WELFARE WORK IN CAMBRIDGE.

IN giving an account to Indian friends of some of the social work done by women in an English town, one remembers what different problems confront the Indian social worker, owing to differences of climate and conditions, and I fear there is not much of our work that will interest Indian readers. Perhaps Cambridge is better known to Indian visitors than most other English provincial towns, and some of them may remember it.

Here, in our damp chilly climate—so different from that of India, the first essential for comfort and health is proper housing, and this especially concerns women, who have the care of the family. During the years of the war, the natural progress of building was stopped, and ever since there has been difficulty in catching up. Also, standards of living have happily advanced during the last twenty years and better houses are wanted.

The increase in numbers of University students, (i. e. men students, the number of women is strictly limited), after the war filled the lodging houses, so that professional and business women were crowded out. To meet this emergency, a women's Housing Association was formed, which raised capital and bought tall old-fashioned houses and converted them into self-contained flats. These were let at once to women workers, and the tenants are well-pleased with the arrangement. The houses cost a good deal to adapt when provision has to be made for sitting-room, bedroom, Kitchenette and bath-room for each tenant, with electric light and central hot-water supply, A caretaker, who will undertake a certain amount of service for the tenants by arrangement with them, adds much to their comfort. This scheme has been carried out by the National Council of Women.

Cambridge, being an old town, has large areas of crowded dwellings for the poorer classes. Some of the cottages were built after the Napoleonic wars, when fear made people glad to crowd together for mutual protection. The high cost of building since the war has made it impossible to provide for the better housing of these tenants in the ordinary commercial way ; and the government and the local authorities have had to step in and provide large areas of new cottages on the outskirts of our towns. Many of these are very pleasing, but even with subsidies from the authorities must be let at rents which only the best-paid artizans can afford. So, to meet the case of the low-paid workers with a large family living in a slum, another society of men as well as women was formed, stimulated by the public feeling in the churches of the town. This society collected subscriptions and loans free of

interest and with this financial help has been able to build for this necessitious class. Unlike the ordinary landlord, who does not welcome children, this society only receives as tenants families of considerable size, with low incomes, and as a venture, adjusts the rent to the number of children, within limits. A small sum is deducted from the normal rent for each child up to four (in number) under the age of 14. As soon as 14 is reached a child may become a wage-earner, so the deduction on his account ceases, whereas the advent of a new baby may send the rent down again. This is a new idea, but seems to work satisfactorily. The society has a lady rent-collector, who is an enthusiastic social worker and helps the mothers in a wonderful way. She is a real friend in family and housekeeping difficulties, and yet, strange to say, she gets the rent paid most regularly, and in spite of the meagre incomes there are few arrears. All these cottages have baths and three bedrooms, and a good piece of garden and prizes are given for the most successful gardens. We feel this scheme is an example of sympathy and helpfulness on the part of the more well-to-do towards their less-favoured brothers and sisters.

Another problem is now being considered by a group of women here i.e., decent yet cheap accommodation for poor women who may be in the town temporarily, in a homeless condition! The destitute are already provided for by the Public Assistance Committee, but there are women and girls perhaps looking for work, or hunting for permanent lodgings who can pay a little, and are not provided for in the present scheme of things. It is hoped that a small hostel may be started, where emergency needs may be met for a small sum for this migrant class who are sometimes placed in a position of risk or danger.

Some years ago, a Cambridge women specially interested in school children was much concerned to see how the children in the poorer districts seemed obliged to spend their play-time in the streets, in all kinds of weather, and subject to traffic dangers. She interested some of her friends of the N. C. W. and the result was the formation of 'play centres' in various parts of the town. This was carried on with great success as a voluntary enterprize, till the local authority a few years ago took over the scheme, though 'even now voluntary keepers are made use of, and the supply of toys and games is kept up by gifts. In summer, organized games are arranged out of doors. This scheme has done much to protect children in their leisure, both physically and morally. The play now is orderly, with 'give and take' on all sides, and the boisterous and rough lack of consideration for others, which was noticed at first, has disappeared. Useful occupations are also encouraged, and an Exhibition of articles made by the children shewed great variety and individuality.

Another scheme which was started in a small way by women, though assisted even at first by the local authority, is the open-air school for delicate children. At first, this was a small experiment watched with much interest and sympathy by the Medical Officer of Health. It was soon apparent that the fresh air surroundings, the wholesome meal provided, and the regular rest arranged after it, made a wonderful change in the health of the little ones, who were not well enough before to go to school. This experiment has finally resulted in a large well-equipped open-air school, of the most approved kind under the Education authority. So, we have found in both these cases, that a voluntary movement on the part of a few enthusiastic women has carried this work through the experimental stage, and its success has led to its establishment on a permanent basis by the authorities.

In India, you do not know the need we have here of the Temperance movement. This is specially a woman-movement, for the children and the home are the first to suffer from drink trouble. We have a large women's organisation in Cambridge which has set out to provide inexpensive meals without alcoholic drinks.

There is a canteen in the yard of the Railway station, a coffee-house in one of our poorer districts, and in the out-patients department of one large hospital a canteen where those from the country, waiting their turn for the doctor, can get some refreshment. The work here is voluntary, and the workers establish very happy relations with some of the sufferers. The profit made is given to the hospital funds, and any profit from the other undertakings to various charitable schemes, in the town, such as the Police Court Mission, and the care of Girls Associations.

We have in cambridge now two women police, who are very good in all cases, where women and children are concerned. They patrol our commons and open spaces in the evenings, and often manage to persuade girls to go home, when they find them in dangerous situations. They are real preventive workers, and must save a good many from pitfalls which might be their ruin. Their presence in the police courts is a great help to unfortunate women or children who find themselves there. Some of us went as a deputation of women to the Watch committee years ago and brought the question of the desirability of police women to their notice. It was a great satisfaction to us when they were first seen in our streets in their police uniform, and since their appointment prejudice has disappeared, and we have heard nothing but good of them.

We have heard lately with satisfaction that our infant death rate in Cambridge has come down to 48 per 1000. This reduction is largely due to the work of our maternity and child welfare centres. The woman medical officer and the nurses in the schools

too have done much to check and control the epedemics which used to be so distressingly frequent among little children.

I have now heard so much of the wonderful enterprize of Indian women, that perhaps there is nothing fresh in this little account of our recent work in Cambridge, so please regard it as the news letter of a fellow-worker who is glad to gain touch with her sisters far away, and send a message of good-will.

BERTHA JOHNSON,

Cheshunt College, Cambridge.

RED AND GOLD.

EACH of us has in the storehouse of his memory some "red-letter" days which stand out sharp and clear from amongst the ordinary current of events. Strange indeed would be an existence which had no such milestones along its road. Even tiny children look forward to, and remember, special occasions; Christmas with its gifts or toys, visits from favourite aunts, uncles and friends, the coming of a new pet, and other such excitements. And to those past childhood, how much more precious are our red-letter days; those comparatively rare occasions when for a few short hours our whole being seems lifted to a different sphere; when the surroundings we know so well and never notice become suddenly dear, when our occupations take upon themselves the glamour of adventure and our minds are filled with a glorious content. Or possibly an authentic adventure comes our way and we are for a time thrilled and exhilarated by strange happenings, unusual people.

Some there may be who, looking back along the years of their lives, can count but few such hours. Others more fortunate may number as many in one year—and this, I think, does not depend at all on the wealth or environment of the individual. Temperament must of course have some influence, but nevertheless it really does appear at times that the gods smile on us to shew how beneficent they can be.

I remember a little girl saying to me once "I have been having such lovely fun this holiday, such wonderful things have happened every day, I think I must have been changed into a fairy;"—and in much the same way I have myself, when just past some period of extraordinary occurrences and elation, thought that it could not have been myself who took part. Nor was it my ordinary self, but rather a self transformed by the thrill and high adventure of life, a self uplifted and disporting in the sunshine.

Such golden hours do not and cannot last, no matter what the reason of their coming. However happy one may be normally, however content, yet it is only of a day once-in-a-while that vivid recollections are retained, like a gleam of red or gold in an embroidery of grey. Nor would we wish it otherwise, for surely their charm lies in their Will-o'-the-wisp nature, these fleeting, elusive, ecstatic hours which come to us, sometimes so unexpectedly, and which we may long remember, and count amongst our treasures.

MABEL R. BYE.

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

BY

DR. H. W. B. MORENO M. A., PHD., D. LITT.
CALCUTTA.

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O Starlight, quenched within the sea of Time,
That rose above the marge, again to sink
Thy dartling rays of light, behind the brink,
To illume the concave of another clime;
Eager we scan the horizon of our time,
Whilst thou art fading from our searching eyes,
Sweeping along thy course to other skies,
Unseen to us through murky mists and grime.

Once on that shore a starlet thou didst play,
Then wearied, worn awhile, sank fast in sleep,
And whirling to the precincts of our day,
Thou opened once thine eyes fresh joys to reap,
But looked in vain around, then turned away
And closed thy lids, borne back in slumber deep.

(PER MR. K. P. P. TAMPY.)

THE INDIAN CROW

IF the crow is not beautiful, let us not forget that beauty is often only skin-deep and that its poverty of good looks may not give us sufficient cause for despising it. The crow is not given to boasting, but it has a good many virtues. Some of these are, 1. it is jet-black, 2. its young ones are generally invisible, 3. it learns our secrets, but keeps its own, 4. it is the most undomesticated bird in India if not in the world and 5. it seldom dies, even if it is not immortal.

The last point is perhaps the most interesting. I have already said that the crow has no good looks. It could have had very good looks and died always very young. But, it is unlike the cock. "Do you want good looks or long life?" asked the Creator of the cock. "Take either, but not both." And the cock, by whatever process its mind might have been made up, took good looks and went home. The crow behaved just the other way. Perhaps neither cock or crow even now repents its choice; for birds and beasts, unlike men and women, never repent; but it seems to me that, if beauty is truth, it is not also wisdom, and that the crow showed greater wisdom than the cock in its choice of one of the two great boons. In fact, the crow is a very wise bird. It does not need much illustration to prove the point. There is no other bird that haunts our dwelling-places so industriously as the crow does, and yet it is the most undomesticated bird most of us know of. When all is said that there is to say in adulation of human beings, we are not very good material to be made friends with by others, after all. If the crow does not know this aspect of our nature, it has perhaps no need to, having at the very beginning made up its mind what its relations with mankind should be for ever and ever.

The crow has no end of cunning to confuse our minds. Very many people hold the unquestioning belief that it has only one eye to see with, one eye which it summons to either socket in accordance with its purpose of looking this or that way. These believers in a single eye for the crow derive the necessary authority for their faith from the Ramayana. The story is that Ramachandra shot an angry arrow at a crow, that had given Sitadevi much unnecessary discomfiture. The poor bird ran before the arrow and the arrow flew after it. But the arrow having no life would not stop at all, and therefore, the panting crow turned its flight and came to Ramachandra crying for pardon. It must be said, in extenuation of the crow's conduct, that this was the only time the crow has been known to crave human mercy. The result was that Ramachandra asked his arrow to be content with one of its eyes, instead of its life. And the crow went away and has been looking at us through the corners of its eyes since. It can look very narrowly, indeed, for it knows all our secrets, aided by the fable that it has only one eye and cannot see us completely. It is really remarkable how thoroughly the crow uses its squint-eyed sight to its advantage. When it turns and lengthens its neck and begins to squint in a series of ungeometrical lines, we cannot help feeling so utterly lost in its manner that it soon seizes the little things, which according to law belong to others, but which it would have according to its notions of justice. The crow is cunning and clever and wise.

The crow is, moreover, a sacred bird to the Hindus. A beautiful belief, enjoined by the Hindu religion and now considerably

reinforced by modern psychical thought, is that the dissolution of the human body does at no time involve the extinction of the individual. The Hindus, therefore, make a great point, the greatest perhaps in their religious life, of remembering the dead by the performance of periodical ceremonies called *Sradhas*, The most important part of the ceremony is the offering of sacrificial food to the departed spirit remembered on the occasion. As the spirit itself cannot appear and accept the offering, the crow is believed to carry out the intention of the spirit when it flies across and accepts the sacred food. The crow is the only bird enjoying this privilege and should it fail to appear, the *Sradha* remains unredeemed, which is very hard for the performers of the ceremony. Although the crow is not by any means a boaster, it often exhibits an inkling of its value and consequently may refuse to fulfil the *Sradha*. On such occasions, we remember the abiding relations between the bird and ourselves and do all we can to palliate our poor opinion of its looks. Except, however, on the occasion of the *Sradha*, the crow is always hungry and flicks away from anybody's hands, particularly from children's hands with the greatest daring, whatever it can seize. Women carrying baskets of fish from river or sea nicely-balanced on their heads can tell the inimitable felicities of the crow. The best of all the good qualities of the crow is that it lives near us and robs us.

The crow is a parliamentary bird, and every crow is a member, the government still remaining the city-state type. The crow has little faith in the representative democracies of modern times. The assemblies are held at night and all are generally present, black parliaments buried deep in the dreaming night. Those, who have seen some of these sweeping masses of black outvying the night and engaged in grave deliberations, will not probably ask for chapter and verse, as to the parliamentary nature of crows. The final points that emerge from these nightly discussions are, 1. crows must always share pot-luck with one another, 2. crows must attack their enemies together, 3. crows must never change their colour and 4. crows must always live on mankind as much as possible and yet keep this curious race at arm's length.

In the morning, the assemblies radiate in thousands of clusters of dispersed wings.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

FOOD AND HEALTH AND DISEASE.

IN my opinion, the maintenance of health by proper food is the most important of health subjects. Simply satisfying one's appetite with whatever food one finds is not sufficient for that perfect growth of body and mind in health, without which it is impossible for anyone to engage in useful employment. It is unfortunately a common idea among persons, who have not given a thought to the subject, that the more one eats and the richer the food the better it is for health and strength. An excess of food, particularly when it is of the wrong kind, is nothing but poison to the system and causes ill-health, obesity and various other diseases, affecting the health and efficiency of the individual during life-time and finally ends in premature death. To keep well and fit, one requires not only the right kind and quantity of food, but also adjuncts such as cleanliness of person, healthy surroundings, plenty of fresh air, sunshine, pure drinking water, moderate exercise suited to one's age and condition of health, and sleep.

According to the age and occupation of each individual, the various constituents of food have to be chosen.

The essential constituents of foods are Proteins, Mineral Salts, fats, Carbo-hydrates and *Vitamines.* All these are to be found in the various articles of food commonly used in each country. I always advocate that we should choose our food from among the indigenous produce of the country, as I believe that nature adapts its produce to the requirements of each country.

Proteins or Nitrogenous food are necessary for the building-up of flesh and the various organs such as brain, liver, heart and kidneys, and are particularly necessary in the case of growing children. There are animal proteins and vegetable proteins.

Animal Proteins are abundant in milk, curds, cheese, meat, eggs and fish.

Vegetable Proteins exist largely in unmilled unpolished rice, wheat, oats, barely, maize, ragi, peas, dhal, nuts, vegetables and fruits.

Mineral Salts are very essential to life, as a considerable part of our body consists of various salts, the chief being Calcium, Sodium, Magnesium, Iron, Manganese, Zinc, Copper, Lithium, etc. These are to be found in cereal grains, milk, nuts, green leafy vegetables and fruits.

Fats are foods for the maintenance of the heat of the body and for nourishing the body. There are animal and vegetable fats.

Animal fats are preferable to vegetable fats, as they contain a substance called Vitamine A, which is absent in vegetable oils. The animal fats in use are found in fat meat, milk, ghee, butter,

FIRST LADY B. SC., OF CALCUTTA.

Miss. Uma Bose, who topped the list of all B. Sc., candidates in the Calcutta University, has been awarded the Manmathanath Bhattacharyya Gold Medal and Santomoni Silver Medal, and offered a post Graduate Scholarship as well as a special Scholarship in experimental Psychology. She is the first woman Science Graduate to have this unique distinction.

Photo :—I. N. A., Srirangam.

13 MAY 33
MADRAS

Mathusri M. Lakshmi Ammal, President of the Hindu Ladies Lakshmi Vilasa Sabha, Triplicane, Madras, on whom the title of "*Dharma Chandrika*" was conferred by Maharajadhiraj of Darbhanga in consideration of her able services to women.

Photo :—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

cheese, cream, liver, fish, especially sardines, cod-liver oil and eggs. The vegetable fats commonly used are Cocoanut and Gingelly oils and Cocogem. Those using only vegetables oils should therefore combine them with either fish, or ghee, or take plenty of green leafy vegetables, such as greens, spinach, tomatoes, or germinated grain, to get a sufficiency of Vitamine A, for helping to build up the tissues, or add a pint of milk to the diet.

The Carbohydrates are also fuel foods like the fats, They are found in all cereal grains, sugar, jaggery, fruits fresh and dried, potatoes, yams and vegetables. It is the *Carbohydrate* that forms the bulk of the food in all Indian diets in the form of some cereal grain. Very often rice is the staple article of food that supplies the necessary carbohydrate in the food and also jaggery, sugar and sweets. The carbohydrates contained in rice, if mixed with a proper addition of proteins, fats, mineral salts and Vitamines in proper proportion, are properly digested and assimilated; but, if a large quantity of rice alone is eaten, without a proper proportion of the other ingredients, the food is not digested and causes distenslon, and dilatation of the stomach resulting in dyspepsia, diarrhoea and chronic ill-health.

Formerly, it was thought that all that was necessary for health was a certain proportion of Proteins, Carbohydrates, Fats and mineral salts in a man's diet, but this was found to be an erroneous idea during the Russo-Japanese war, when an outbreak of Epidemic Dropsy swept away millions. The necessity for what are known as *Vitamines* was discovered then, and at the present time great importance is attached to the absolute necessity of Vitamines in one's dietary. Vitamines are minute chemical substances, which exist in natural food stuffs; and, without these, food has very litt'e value. They are life-prolonging substances, essential both for nutrition and growth. The vital power is exhausted without Vitamines in the diet. The chemical compositions of Vitamines are not yet fully known and they have not been isolated, but they are closely associated with the protoplasm of plants and vegetables. The potency of Vitamines is destroyed by drying and exposure to high temperatures. They are also destroyed by insects, when rice and dhalls are stored for a long time.

Three groups of Vitamines were previously recognised, and the recent investigation has isolated two more kinds, and others are under observation. These are classified as

A
D 3 Fat-Soluble Factors.
E

B
C 2 Water-Soluble Factors.

Fat-Soluble Vitamine A is present in all animal fats and milk and milk products, and absent in most vegetable oils and less affected by mild heat, if not exposed to the air during boiling. Owing to the setting free of oxegen from its elements during boiling, the Vitamine is destroyed. It is necessary for growth. Absence of Vitamine A produces rickets and sterility. It is present in eggs, milk, wheat germ, greens and vegetables and in cod liver oil.

Fat-soluble Vitamine D exists in milk, cod liver oil, and other fish oils. Insufficient calcification and defective teeth are caused by its absence.

Fat-soluble Vitamine E is obtainable in vegetable oils, lettuce, celery, fresh meat, egg yoke, liver and fish. It is absent in animal fat and is destroyed by acids and alkalies. Deficiency in it produces sterility and lack of fertility.

Water-soluble Vitamine B exists in the inner coat of rice, legumes, pulses, cereals and is also present in eggs, milk, wheat, beans, peas, lentils, liver, kidney and nuts.

Of all the five Vitamines, this is the least affected by heat. Absence of this from the diet produces *Beriberi*. This Vitamine is destroyed in milling, husking and preparing pulses and legumes, and being very soluble in water is dissolved in the water while cooking, and the water should therefore not be thrown away.

Water-soluble Vitamime C is anti-scorbutic in action and it is present in milk and fruit juice, especially of oranges and limes. This kind of Vitamine is easily destroyed by heat, even by gentle boiling for a short time. The absence of it from the dietary brings on scurvy. It is present in lemon, lime, and orange juice, fresh cabbage, peas, etc. Orange and lemon juices are more affected than other kinds by heat.

The best way of finding all the Vitamines in an Indian diet is to have the following constituents,—

1. Any whole cereal, grain or mixture of grains.
2. Plenty of milk and the products of milk-curds, butter-milk, butter, ghee.
3. Sprouted pulses.
4. Eggs or liver, meat or fish, if religion permits their use.
5. Tuber and root vegetables.
6. Abundance of green leafy vegetables and
7. Fruit, particularly oranges, sweet limes, grapes, pumelos, pomegranates, pineapple and bananas. Between meals, two or three pints of water should be taken.

In this connection, I must emphasize the importance of attention to teeth; neglect to clean the teeth and particularly the use of food like rice, which is not chewed properly before swallowing

predisposes to *caries* and *pyorrhoea* and pyorrhoea is a very common cause of Diabetes in this country. It will be well, therefore, if every man devotes special attention to the care of his teeth, and he should not hesitate to consult a Dentist, if his teeth are in any way affected with Pyorrhoea or caries. It is a common thing to see a man with a splendid artificial set of teeth moving it while eating and replacing them after a meal. This is quite wrong. Mastication and mixing with Saliva is necessary for proper digestion of food.

It is not possible in this limited space to deal at length wit- snch an important subject as this, but I hope that I have succeeded in arousing some interest in this all-important question of food; and I hope that those who are in a position to do so will not only make a study of the subject themselves, but also try and educate those with whom they have any dealings. Most of the enlightened nations, particularly Americans, have made great advances in this direction with much benefit. It would be a step in the right direction, if the elements of dietetics are taught in all public schools, so that the rising generation will not err in this matter; and they will grow up into healthy manhood and womanhood and be a more efficient and healthy race than the present generation. It would be also very useful if some ladies will undertake to visit the purdah ladies of their place, who are at present confined in their ill-ventilated and dark houses and do not understand much about this all-important matter of the choice of food, to ensure sound and vigorous health.

DR. PEREIRA.

OBSERVATIONS BY YOUNG PEOPLE

(1) DINNER TIME AT SCHOOL.

I happen to be one of those girls who has her breakfast at eight o' clock and who is in the senior school. As the school is rather a large one, most of the big girls who have their breakfast after 7-30 in the morning, are supposed to go to second dinner, because there is no room in the dining-Hall for all of us. It is indeed a weary business to wait outside the dining Hall when my appetite is nearly appalling, and then find the traces of prunes and custard or jelly left by the first-dinner girls. My appetite seems to vanish in an instant when I look at those horrid prunes. The roast meat is also not very appetising. There is a girl in school, who invariably becomes a vegetarian when she goes in to dinner, and if there is no fish it is indeed a sad case with her.

One day, there was no fish, and the house-keeper happened to come round and find Margaret's plate empty. "Aren't you going to have anything?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"No thank you, Mrs. Adams", replied Margaret. "Oh! but you must have something", said Mrs. Adams.

"Well! you see, I am a vegetarian, and there's no fish today" said Margaret.

"I shall get you some Bovril then", said Mrs. Adams. And in she went and returned with a steaming cup of Bovril. Margaret's face was a sight to see. Most probably, she hated Bovril more than anything else; but she had to take it.

Another very interesting fact is that jelly is always served in hot plates; but in spite of all these inconveniences, I suppose the best thing that I can say is, "Oh! dinner time, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

By the way, Mrs. Adams seems to have forgotten that Bovril is not vegetarian, and so did Margaret.

L. P. S.

(2) THE HAUNTED TREE

Mostly everybody likes to hear or read of weird or creepy tales, the more so when they have a tang of the supernatural about them.

This story, which for want of a better name I shall call "the Haunted Tree", is one of them.

The tree in question was a Rain-tree. These trees, in the usual course of nature, are of rapid growth, and within two years attain to a great height; their leaves are very *dark* green in colour and they have pink or white powder-puff-like flowers, and long bean-like fruit.

This particular tree, however, was only about half the usual size, and its leaves were the colour of a half-ripe lime, and it bore neither fruit nor flowers. Another peculiarity about it was, that when all the other trees round about shed their leaves and grew fresh ones, not a single leaf of this one fell, and all of them remained the same colour the year round. The tree was situated about 2 yards from a bridge, which was quite of a giddy height over a deep *khud,* on the road to the upper village of that place, and which the villagers had to use to come into town for marketing. Of course, the people of the place had a story attached to it, and this is it. The tree, it was said, was the abode of an Evil Spirit, whose sole object was to lure people to their deaths, by throwing them over the bridge into the khud below, and the method adopted to carry out its plans was this. It would assume the form of a man, and sit on the railing of the bridge with its legs dangling over, as if on the point of committing suicide, and the poor unwary person who went to save it, was caught and hurled over into the khud. Whether anything had ever happened there to give the bridge its evil reputation, I cannot tell, but suffice it to say, no

women or children would cross the bridge after nightfall, and the few men who did venture to cross it, took care to shout at the top of their voices some snatch of a song, till they had got safely across, so great were their superstitious fears of the bridge and tree together. In spite of their fears, however, no one ever laid propitiatory offerings to this spirit, owing to its vampirish tendencies, no doubt.

This tree (which I have seen personally) and its story, came within my ken at a place called Papun, away at the back of beyond, and whether the tree is still in existence or not I cannot tell.

H. M. Krishna Rao.

THE BROKEN HEART.

(By Mrs Edith F. Sutton, America.)

(All rights reserved by the authoress.)

A little bird sang in the dusk of eve
  In tones of mournfulness.
Her little throat throbbed in her vain attempt
  To sing with cheerfulness.

" 'Tis late, little birdie, your head should be tucked
  Under your downy wing!
Where is your mate? Are you calling him?
  To whom do you sadly sing?"

"I sing not to him, but of him, my friend,
  Of my mate of former days;
Life was so sweet; we lived and loved
  And happy were always.

Two days ago he quickly flew
  Darting across the road.
He never came back, so I tweet and sigh,
  Bewailing my heavy load.

I fear he was caught by the cruel sling
  That a boy was casting around;
For my mate has not returned to me,
  Nor a trace of him can be found!"

The little bird sang "Tweet-tweet", "Tweet-tweet",
  But each tone feebler grew;
Till birdie fell down on her little back,
  And away her spirit flew.

It flew to the mate she had loved so well,
It could not live apart;
The spirit cried to its mate, "I give
My life as well as my heart".

(PER K. P. P. TAMPY.)

OUR SERIAL STORY

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her earlier years, is persuaded by her father to consider marriage with Arjuna Narayana Rao. A day after they have met, the father dies of heart-disease, and the mother follows him. But, before her death, she gets Gauri married to her suitor.)

CHAPTER IV.

IT was six months later; Gauri was in her own house. She tripped happily down the stairs into her neat dining-room and looked round to see that all was right. Then, satisfied, she went into the drawing room. It was noticeable that the two rooms were furnished in a mixed style, half-English, half-Indian. There were sofas and comfortable chairs dotted about, upholstered in attractive, soft-toned English tapestry and all placed at comfortable angles. The carpet and rugs were Oriental, so were the very few hangings. A beautiful inlaid *Veena* stood in a special corner of its own, and accentuated the Eastern touch. There was plenty of Indian brass about, also pretty Indian ornaments in silver, while glass vases were waiting everywhere for flowers. The pictures on the walls were all English prints. On the tables, and on the black polished piano were photos of friends and relatives; a pretty Indian drawing stood on an easel. Soft silk cushions in bright harmonious colours gave tone to the room. The whole scheme was attractive. With a pleased smile, we might almost call it a smirk, on her face, Gauri wandered about, seeing to small details, then stepped into the verandah. She glanced at her wrist-watch. Was there time to go out into the garden? How pretty it looked, the creepers on the porch, the roses blooming in one corner, the chrysanthemums standing up tall and straight in another. The lilies on the steps gave out a sweet scent—she thought with pleased anticipation of the intoxicating odour they would exhale at night. No, there was no time; her husband would be coming down in a few minutes; and as she thought of him, a faint pink flush stole into her fair ivory-tinted face. Six months of married life had not yet accustomed Gauri to

think of her husband without a thrill. Her heart began to expand as usual with pleasant thoughts of him. How good he was to her, how kind and thoughtful to her people, in spite of being somewhat critical of them at times. He was not perfect, of course ; which man was thought her young heart. Besides, if he was perfect, he would want her also to be perfect ; and she had too many weaknesses for that.

Gauri looked young and sweet and happy. She was dressed in a white muslin *sari* over a short-sleeved white blouse and a long skirt ; she had on the ornaments an Indian woman usually always wears, small diamond ear-rings in her ears, gold bangles on her arms, a few rings on her fingers, a narrow gold belt at her waist, a thin Indian necklace round her slender neck. Her hair was loose, but smooth, over her fore-head and above her ears, and was gathered into a long plait down her back.

Gauri ran out into the garden and gathering a few jassamines fixed them into her hair at the back. Then, she caught sight of the postman coming up the long drive and waited for him. Ah ! there was one letter for her, a good fat one from her sister. Mallika always wrote such chatty letters, so different from her own, which were usually dubbed 'telegrams'. With a sigh of pleasure, Gauri sank into a deep chair, and placing the other letters in her lap, began to read her own, forgetting all about her husband. After a while she looked up. How happy Mallika was in her College ; and how kind of her husband to let her continue there, till she finished her B A. What a varied sort of life the little miss seemed to be leading ! Tennis-parties almost every afternoon,—how fond the girl was of tennis and games ! Every week-end out with her friends. Was there not too much freedom, however, in the College ? Her husband thought so, and she was beginning to think the same. And Mallika was exactly the sort of girl to take advantage of that—again her husband's opinion—, but innocently, thought Gauri, always with an innocent and childish mind. And, what was this—

"I have been meeting a man called Mr. Mathuram lately," wrote Mallika. "Such a fine man, tall and handsome, Gauri, and with such beautiful gentle manners. He has such beautiful tender eyes, and he looks at one so kindly. He has got a lovely deep voice and sings so well. I feel all full of thrills when I hear him. I must also tell you for your satisfaction, that he is a clever man belonging to Madras, an M. A , and a teacher in a boys' College in the north. But why should I say for your satisfaction ? Why do I want you to be satisfied ? Am I beginning to think that, that,—Oh, Gauri, I feel so happy sometimes, sometimes so lonely and sad and wanting you and mother. What has happened to your little sister, I wonder ?

"By the way, do not show this letter to my worthy brother-in-law. He does not like me, does not understand me at all. He will misunderstand this business at once—put in all sorts of ideas of his own into my letter, think I have too much liberty, and wish to recall me, perhaps."

What a girl she was, thought the young wife, with a worried frown. The ungrateful, unappreciative creature! And who was this man? Suddenly, a gay voice from behind fell on her ears. She turned round. "My dear," said Mr. Narayana Rao, from one of the doorways, "I have been standing here watching you for a whole minute. You read for a little, then you look up and think for a little. Whose letter is that, which is worrying you? Mallika's of course. One might guess that. Let me see," and he came forward holding out his hand for the letter. There were no secrets as yet between the two.

Gauri felt herself mechanically drawing back.

"I—I have not finished it," she stammered. "Here—here—are your letters." He looked keenly at her, then laughed. "Don't you wish me to read it then?" he asked, "going to keep secrets from me, your poor husband? Well, well, my dear, you are welcome. Mallika's letter can have no big secrets. Come, and have your breakfast, and then we can read our letters."

Gauri still looked worried over their breakfast. She poured out the coffee, rang for his porridge and bacon and eggs—she herself did not like all that—and then watched him enjoying the Indian rice-cakes made specially at home for him and for her. Oh, it was good to see him so happy and comfortable. But that letter—that letter—how could she keep it from him? What would he think of her? She had never hidden anything from him before.

"Gauri", he said after a while, "what is worrying you? Cannot you tell me?"

"N—No. You will not understand, she says."

"Who says? Mallika? Of course, she would." She always thinks I don't understand her. She thinks a good deal too much of herself, Gauri."

"Aren't you always a little hard on her?"

"Somebody has to be, dear, otherwise she will grow beyond her self—I must take the place of her father and try to keep her down. But, why are there tears in your eyes, little wife? Do you think I am too unkind to her?"

"You don't like her, she says."

"She says that, does she? No, no, I am fond of her; but at the same time.—There, there, never mind, show me the letter."

"I—I cannot."

A photograph taken of His Holiness Shree Shankaracharya Dr. Kurtkoti, in the midst of girls and workers of Shree Sharadaraji Holkar Boarding House, specially founded for girls of the depressed classes, under the patronage of H. H. The Maharanee Sharmistabai Holkar of Indore.

Photo :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

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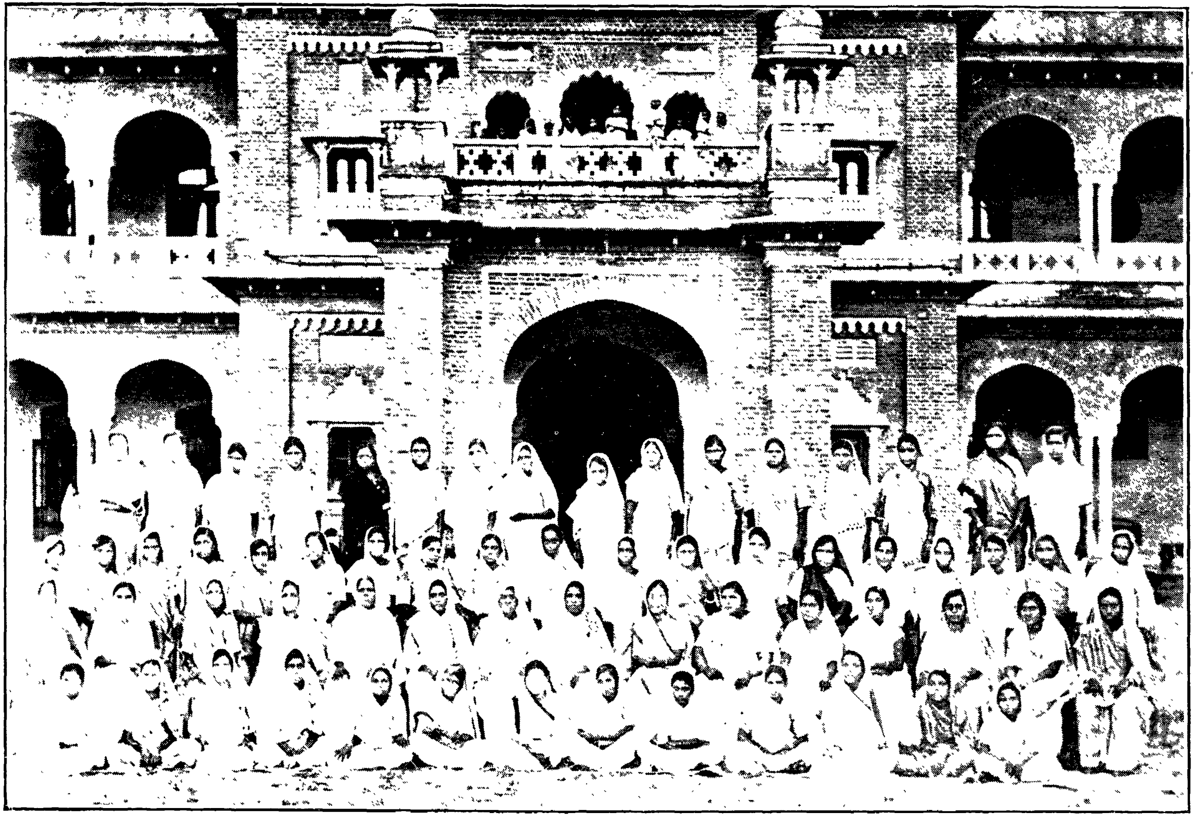


A group photo of the girl students who sat for the examinations of the Prayag Mahila Vidyapitha held at Cawnpore recently.

Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam

"Never mind then, Gauri. Don't let that worry you, deer. And don't weep, child. This is not like my little Gauri. Coma, let me wipe your tears."

She leant shyly against him, still with that guilty feeling about hiding the letter from him. "You don't mind about the letter?"

"No, no do not let that worry your over-sensitive conscience, Gauri; but don't keep too many secrets from me. I dont like to be kept out of your concerns, you know. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours, eh?"

"Of course."

"Gauri, you won't always set me aside for your brother and sister, will you? Just now, you had forgotten all about me, you witch. I felt quite jealous, you know. Do you still love them better than me?

But it is not fair to ask you the question. what do you say, Gauri? Shall we take a little holiday? I can take a week's leave. I am tired of this Shall we go to Ennore, and have a good time, all by our little selves, a second honeymoon? We never had our first, you know. Your brother and sister were with us."

"You did not mind them, did you? If I thought you did,——"

"What would have you done? You couldn't get rid of them. No, no, I did not mean that, Gauri. Don't draw away like that. Forgive me, and do not think me a mean cad. Do you ever think that of me?"

"No, no"

"Cannot you still call me by name? You must not be so conservative as that. I know you like Indian ways, of course, but still———"

"Next time then."

"Very well. I shall keep you to your word, mind. But let us arrange our holiday. Oh! how I am looking forward to it. I shall show you so many things that I love in Ennore. Shall we start tomorrow?"

CHAPTER V.

Gauri and her husband spent a perfectly happy time at the little sea-side place of Ennore. They were lucky enough to secure a house on the borders of the lake, into which the river expanded before joining the sea. Gauri was never tired of looking at the beautiful view from the upstairs verandah. Sometimes, her husband would join her. On the opposite shore of the lake, there was a long line of dark sluices, from beyond which a semi-circular bank of red earth extended half-way down the shore, to where at a bend, an arm of the lake narrowed into the two dark gates of a wide

lock, which allowed the water to flow into the fields beyond the river. After that, the lake-arm again widened, and growing almost to its brink were dark clumps of trees and long groves of feathery *casuarinas*, among which, higher upon the bank, could be seen a few white-washed and red-bricked houses. Lower down on the shore were the little thatched round huts of fisher-folk.

"How I would like to live in one of those little huts," Gauri remarked.

"What for?" asked her husband.

"Why, to catch fish and cook them, and enjoy myself. How I would love to get rid of all worrying servants; and how I would like to dress like one of those fisher-women."

"And you would love also to clean the fish and the crabs and the prawns, wouldn't, with you those dainty little hands of yours, which you always keep so fastidiously clean?"

"Well, no," admitted Gauri. "I would not like that, but I would like to sit by the fire and cook. You must grant that I do make a good cook,—Arjuna?"

"I admit that," he said with a smile at her valiant attempt to call him by his name; "but not often, Gauri, Oh! and then, what will you do without your books and your veena, and your pretty clothes?"

"I would love to live a free and easy life."

"Are you not doing that now? You know, it is very hard to give up the joys of civilization. 'A burnt child dreads the fire', they say. To that we can add 'A civilized person dreads........... dreads........."

"Huts and their squalor? But, what nonsense, we are talking. Look, where the foamy white breakers dash over the creamy sand. I think I must get a *sari* like that, a cream china-silk, bordered with a broad band of white. I wonder why we do not go oftener to Nature for inspiration in our clothes."

"Ha——ha!" he laughed. "What about your fisher woman's clothes now, Guari?"

"Or a *sari* of dark-blue, shimmering silk, edged with rolls of white chiffon," she continued, pretending to take no notice of him, "like that calm azure sea bordered by its leaping white waves."

"Why not get a coat for me, let me see, of grey-blue shining Alpaca, sewn over with sparkling diamonds, and all covered with flame-coloured—what do you call it——muslin, or——or——"

"Chiffon?" she asked.

"Yes, chiffon, like that water of the lake, dancing with the diamond sparkles of the flaming sun."

"Not bad for you, Arjuna," she said approvingly. "Go on, go on."

"To that, can be attached white rags and black blobs to represent the boats with their white sails."

"Horrible," she cried clapping her hands to her ears. "But, shall we go for a moonlight row tonight again? It is our last night here."

"All right, little witch."

Their chief boatman was a fat, jolly man, who kept watching them with pleased fatherly eyes. Gau·i kept edging away from Arjuna, for she felt very self-conscious. Once, she nearly fell into the sea; but he captured her hand and pulled her back, and thereafter she leant comfortably against him. And, then they saw a most wonderful sunset. Opposite them, the sky was one beautiful mass of all colours, which seemed to blend, in one harmonious whole, into the circular halo of golden light around the sun, which sank like a dull ball of fire below the horizon. On one side, a long flowing amber-blue cloud extended like the lurid smoke from a blazing furnace. On the other side, a line of dusky-blue clouds spread like a sapphire crown on a brow wrapped in flaming gauze. "Ah, ah," sighed Gauri, "All the rainbow hues are melting into the dark-blue of the sky. What a pity that such a spectacle cannot last for ever."

"That is the way of the world," said her matter-of-fact husband. "Nothing pleasant lasts long."

"But it is different with our lives, isn't it? When pleasant moments and happy periods are gone, their fragrant memories make them live again to us. Besides we can always make our own happiness. What is to prevent us from making our lives one idyllic existence, even if circumstances are altered? Everything depends on ourselves."

"What a little philosopher you are," Arjuna said, "and how plesasant it is to have you with me to admire this beauty. I have always longed for such companionship, and I am very thankful for it now. My mother used to give it to me. But then, I was very young, and went away. Soon after I came back, she died."

There was a short pause· Then Gauri murmured,

"Did you wish to marry anyone else? Do you remember you said there might have been one before me?"

"You jealous child! Yes, I did, but that was a long time ago."

"Were you very sorry when she gave you up?"

"I suppose I was, but that is an old story, and you must not let it worry you. I have you now, and I am happy. I hope you are too." Before Gauri could reply, there was a cry from the baotman.

"The moon, the moon," he called out. They turned round and faced towards the sea, and it was almost as if another sun was coming up

"There you are," remarked Gauri. "If the sun goes down, the moon comes up. The golden light gives place to a silver radiance. I don't know which is more beautiful, Arjuna."

"Everything is beautiful, as long us we are together, Gauri," he said. "Shall we try to fish now?"

But the fishing was not a success, and their boatman laughed at them. So, they gave it up and sat quietly in the dusk. They were going with the current, and their boat scudded over the water like an arrow, the water rippling against it with a soft splashing sound. Now and then, fish leapt up like streaks of silver, and some jumped right across their boat. Before them lay a wide expanse of water, bordered by dim banks. Up above, in the cloudless heaven, the evening star beckoned to them, and the silver moon flung a trail in front of them. There was a sense of mystery in the air, which deepened as the sound of the sea grew louder.

"Are we going towards the sea?" asked Gauri. "How small and insignificant our little boat looks in this wide Universe, Arjuna! Will our boat be drawn into the sea? Suppose, the boatmen are careless!"

"No fear," he laughed. "They are very careful, and all around us is the provident care of God."

"I feel as if we are being borne resistlessly along the ocean of life into the timeless Eternity beyond, which seems to be at the end of the glistening path of the moon. How I wish we could go on like this for ever! I shall never forget this, never, never. Whatever happens, it will be a pleasant memory in my life."

"What will happen that you should be afraid, Gauri? As you said before, our lives are in our hands. Only, we must always trust each other. No secrets in our lives, and whatever happens we shall act together."

Gauri's thoughts flew guiltily to Mallika's letter; and she looked at her husband to see if he had alluded to it. But, in the dusk, she could not well see his face.

"There is the bar," he cried suddenly. "That line of leaping and foaming waves. Take care, boatman, be careful."

"It is the barrier of Death, and if we pass it, we shall be anchored safely in the bright haven beyond," murmured Gauri.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Arjuna. "You seem almost *fey* tonight. Anything worrying you? But there, we are turning round. Watch now, watch"

The turmoil of the waves mixed with the shouts of the men, and the rattle of the poles and oars, grew louder. The boat was

inclined to stick in the bar, but one of the men leapt into the shallow water and pushed it back Gradually, the course was changed, the trail of the moon passed behind. The men settled down to their oars again. Gauri felt as if she was turning back into the world, after a short glimpse of heaven. The human will, she thought, shrank always from death and the beyond. The stubborn heart of man, aided by fleeting circumstances, preferred the transitory joys of the world to the calm peace of death. But she kept her thoughts to herself, and soon the joy of life got hold again of her. It was good to be alive, indeed it was good.

Gradually, they neared home, sailing very close to the shore now. The grey feathery leaves of the casuarinas waved almost in their faces. They passed the little group of huts on the shore, and heard the laughter and chatter of the fisherfolk. Then, they saw lights twinkling out against the darkness, like rubies on a dark skin. One light stood out more distinctly than the others, and Gauri knew it came from their house Portia's quotation about the little candle in her house came irresistibly into her mind, and she turned with a smile to her husband, intending to say it. But she found him peering closely at her in the dark. He squeezed her hand.

"Portia's words, eh?" he asked. "I was waiting for you to say them."

"I hope you don't always think me so banal," she pouted.

"Never," he protested, "though I must confess, I have seen depths in you to-day, which I thought never existed there."

"I am glad you did," she laughed. "That shows how little you should trust to outward appearances. You now———for instance———"

"I am not such a fool as I look?"

"You asked for it. But there, see another boat seems coming up this side, opposite to us. I hope we shall not crash into it."

"You seem to be nervous tonight, Gauri. But, there it is passing now."

The boatmen in each boat gaily hailed each other, and for a second or two nothing else could be heard but their shouts and calls. But as the ends of the boats finally passed each other, comparative silence fell. Gauri, for no reason that she could think of, felt her heart beating hard. What was the matter with her tonight, she wondered. Then, suddenly, a deadly numbness stole over her. Her heart sank like lead. Her throat felt dry and parched. That tone—those words——stealing out of the dark, as if from the gloomy past of her life!

"His voice——his voice," she uttered in a dry whisper; and all the power going from her limbs fell back into her husband's arms.

"What is the matter, Gauri?" he anxiously asked, "Are you ill? You have been queer all day."

"His voice———," she whispered again. "He has come for me, so glad, too late, too late," and then she fainted.

When she came back to consciousness, the boat had stopped; its keel was grating on the sand; the boatmen were calling to each other. So to the accompaniment of their voices, she stepped ashore, and was helped home by her husband in rather an ominous silence.

K. S.

(To be Continued)

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE LITTLE BROWN DOG

On a big farm away up in the hills there lived a little brown dog.

One day, as Little Brown Dog was sitting in the barn dreaming how fine it would be to be owned by a little boy who would love him, Mother Brown Dog rushed into the barn very much excited. "Dear, dear! What shall I do? The Zemindar is going to send another of my children away".

"Where to? Where to?" barked all the little dogs at once.

"To a man down in the town", sighed Mother Brown Dog. Little Brown Dog's tail began to wag, for he had heard his mother tell about all the wonderful things in the town. Surely there must, be some little boy down there to love him.

The next day the Zamindar came to look over the little dogs.

"Guess this brown one will do", he said. Then how Little Brown Dog wagged his tail and barked for joy!

But Mother Brown Dog was not one bit happy. She was worried.

"Now, Little Brown Dog", she said, "You must be very careful, for there are many dangers down in the town. There are many great monsters that race back and forth. Some of them are black, some are red and blue. Some of these monsters make a great noise and others just steal around the corners. Down there they call them automobiles. Now, remember to look up and down and be sure there is no auto-monster coming and then walk straight across the road without once stopping. Above all, never run into the road after a ball or anything, without first looking carefully up and down the road."

Little Brown Dog promised to be a very careful little dog.

When Little Brown Dog reached his new home, he ran about and sniffed at everything.

"Poor Little Brown Dog is lonesome", said the big man. Yes, Little Brown Dog was lonesome and, more than that, he was disappointed, for sniff where he might he could find no little boy to love him.

One afternoon he sat on the side of the road watching with longing eyes the children coming home from school. Some of the children were playing *ball.* Just at that moment a plump and smiling little boy darted into the road after his ball.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Look out for the monsters", barked Litcle Brown Dog. But the little boy did not hear. The next moment Little Brown Dog was in the road pulling with all his might at Ram's coat. An auto whizzed by, just missing Ram.

Before Little Brown Dog knew what was happening, a great crowd had gathered and his master was patting his head and calling him a little hero.

The next day, a man came and took Little Brown Dog away in a basket. When it was opened and Little Brown Dog jumped out, whom should he see but plump and smiling Ram? "And he's my really, truly my own", shouted Ram, as he gave him a hug. And Little Brown Dog was very, very happy, for by following his mother's teachings he had found a little boy to love him.

KAMALADEVI.

(2) LET US HAVE KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power. Knowledge is one of the glorious gifts with which our lives are endowed. Therefore, we all should cultivate kuowledge in our minds. For knowledge is the central pillar of life.

Nowadays, there are so many chances of gaining knowledge. The proverb goes thus; "The learned have eyes, the ignorant have only two holes in their heads." Education is in fact necessary for knowledge Education ploughs the rich fields of our minds and scatters the valuable seeds of knowledge. Books as well as magazines are the unfailing fountains from which the great wealth flows everlastingly. The more one reads them, the more one's knowledge increases. We all should exercise our characters, so as to make them fit and useful for the modern world. Knowledge is the instrument, which puts the merchanism of thought to work speedily and strongly. Like the moon among the stars, knowledge

shines among thinking people· Knowledge arrests ignorance, which is the first ruler of our minds and makes us useful, po erful and happy.

Think and under-tand how glorious is knowledge.

V. BALAKRISHNAN.
Student.

(3) OUR SERIAL STORY.
DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.
SECRETS LEAK OUT.

THE sisters could not exchange more secrets, for Mohun leaving the table strode into their midst and flinging himself on the mat, lay supine with one leg bent and the other crossed over it.

"Now girls, what shall I cook?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye and twisting a ribbon round his finger.

Seeta pouting her lips and twitching her nose, snatched away the ribbon from his hand and Rukmini replied.

"Boys don't cook. Besides, you are only our guest."

"I only a guest?" cried Mohun sitting bolt upright. "Surely, you don't mean that? What have I done to be kept out?"

"Get away," said Rukmini in disgust," you always tease us and spoil everything we do. Anyway, if all are hosts, who will be guests?"

"Why father mother, Vasant, Raji, Babu, the chauffeur, Chandra, the dog—"

"Stop," cried Seeta impatiently. "If you want to be host Vasant has a right to be so too. As for Raji, we are going to give her a part, because she is a girl."

Mohun bit his finger nail.

"Listen to me, girls. You do all the cooking and entertaining. I'll do shopping for you and be parson to wed Ranjit and Janaki. By the by, has the bride the wedding locket and string? Where is she?"

"In that basket," replied Rukmini, pointing to Janaki's residence.

"But why are the poor dears without clothes?" queried Mohun. "How cold they must be on this rainy day."

The girls laughed and Seeta replied,

"They have to try on a number of dresses this evening, and that's why."

Vasant, who had by this time joined the group on the mat, remarked with a shrewd giggle,

"The bride is taller than the groom."

"Let her be," answered Seeta, "Ranjit's turban will make everything all right."

Mohun cast a scrutinising glance at the doll in question, mentally taking in her dimensions, as if resolved upon some instantaneous remedy.

"Sister," began Vasant, "May I not print the wedding cards with my rubber alphabet?"

"Much you know about wedding cards," put in Seeta sarcastically.

"Now now, tomboy?" her elder brother addressed Seeta, "he can print better than you can cook—I say, put away your things, quick. Babu is coming."

Before Rukmini's hands could gather the scattered things together, Babu burst upon the scene clamouring for toys. To distract his attention Seeta sprang to her feet and started jumping and spinning, shouting and flinging her long arms about, like one possessed. Babu and Raji stood mystified. Nor was Seeta aware how near she was to a beautiful vase and some ornamenst, till she heard a tre-mendous crash and witnessed the glassware in a th usand shiverson the floor.

The children all looked at one another, After they had sufficiently recovered breath, Mohun significantly tapped his left hand with his right fore-finger, suggesting what Seeta might get from their father. As for Babu, Vasant had given him the mirror, from the crystal surface of which he first tried to pick up a water picture and failing in that attempt lost himself in self-admiration by pressing his nose against the glass.

The sound of the fallen glass brought Mrs. Vikram from the kitchen and she saw the repentant culprit picking up the broken fits with a look of fright on her face.

"Thank God, it is nothing worse," exclaimed the mother with a sigh of relief. "I thought something had happended to one of you—" and she laid her hand on her bosom and continued,

"My heart is still palpitating. But what on earth could have possessed Seeta to bring them down. What a beautiful vase you have destroyed, Seeta thoughtless, thoughtless girl."

She bent and sadly examined the pieces and then telling the children to keep away from that spot till she had got it cleared of all the debris, returned to her task. Seeta had not in this calamity noticed that her hand had received considerable scratches, but she was glad of it afterwards when her father spared her with only a warning. (To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

This is a sentimental letter I am writing to you, and I do hope you will not think me foolish. I do think it is pleasant and even necessary sometimes to pause for a while amid the hurry and the pleasures of life, and moralise a little I have often used spare moments to look back upon some happy memories of childhood. And so looking, back, I would advise my young friends to live their child lives, and their youthful days happily and pleasantly, so that they can have something nice to look backupon. And, when they do remember, it will be as well to stress the memory, so that it should not wear them.

I remember a vivid memory. We were in a sea-coast town, about four miles from the sea; so that it was not often we could go there. I remember well the first time I saw the sea. I was about 8 years then. Away in the distance, I thought I saw white cows and horses leaping about. I exclaimed aloud : "Oh, look how they are jumping. Oh, what a lot of them!" But no one laughed or replied, and I realised my error.

Then I remember a woman, whom I idealised. Oh, how I admired her and adored her! Later, I read Carlyle and understood my feelings. Of course as months and years passed, I found several things in her to criticise, and my worship waned. But who among us is perfect? I would advise my young friends not to discourage their hero-worship, but to go on admiring their hero or heroine, and try to model their actions on them. By natural law, it must be some sort of greatness which gets admiration. Sometimes it may be the wrong sort of greatness, the greatness of evil-doing, or of dare-devilry or of smug goodness. We see enough of this in cinemas; but such must be checked by wise parents. As for hero-worship of worth there is nothing like it, to model the character of the young. There is nothing better for a young man than to admire and love a woman older than himself.

Do you remember the first time you left the house of your parents, for school, or college, on holidays, or to stay with other people? Can you still feel the poignant pang of first parting? Can you yet feel the tears rising into your eyes at every moment of fond memory, tears which you had to keep back, so that others might not think you a coward? I can. I remember especially how, being the eldest, I was privileged to unlace my father's boots and shoes, and bring him his slippers, when he came home tired from office: And ah, how I longed to have that privilegeagain! It did come later, but the beauty of it had passed by then. I had become occupied with other pleasures and pleasant matters. I

remember also, how I ran in to kiss the walls 'Good-bye', when I left home.

My young friends, try and always do your best for your old parents and elders. Bear with them, be patient with them, help them, feel with them especially; and you will be happy later.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

"WOMEN OF TODAY"

There is one set among us that is always for reform and reconstruction, while another foolishly conservative, sticks, to old institutions. I have often found blind critics of women's education, who little realise, that, in its practical working, it is guided for us by those who dare not deliberately mislead and enervate us. When these critics say that it is not suited to the 'Indian Ideal' and the 'Indian Temperament', one fails to understand what they really mean. Some of them, when they criticise the inadequacy of opportunities given to vernacular studies, do so from the impression that literature does not flourish so well as they desire. But no literature has been made to order. You may be a scholar, but not an author. England had a Shakespeare, when she had no literature to boast of, except, say of Chaucer. Literature grows like a plant. It grows when it will, where it will, and with blossoms as it pleases, according to its nature.

Educated women of today are held out by unsympathetic critics as "fancy products," unfit to be good wives or mothers and some are afraid they might even evolve into an "intermediate sex." We are sorry that these critics fail to realise that a university stands for an ideal of character and culture, and those of the softer sex that have come to the forefront today are the products of high education. They have the strength of will, to equal if not excel men, and are masculine only in their courage and indomitable will. We have seen masculine women, not so much among the educated, as among the ignorant and the unintellectual, whose accidity of temper and boundless licence of querulous and insulting talk, shrill upon the terrified ear. Our education is not making our ladies so much logical as reasonable, and in practical life we have educated men and women, who can appreciate life better, and endure its afflictions with more courage them others.

We are certainly aware of the misery of the uneducated wives of those, who spend their time outside in drinking and debauchery,

and come home only to cause domestic disquiet. Lacking in brains, women not only fail to extend their beneficial influence to their partners, but coerced by economic dependance and the need for protection, are content to mould themselves to any shape desired by men. By their ignorance to keep a household good and proper, and bring up their children decently, some of our uneducated sisters do also become a pain and burden to their husbands. If we but look a little deeper, we see that the wives of some, that hold a high status in public life, are nothing but millstones tied round their necks, because of their lack of good tastè and polished manners.

Elementary or secondary education can only be elementary or secondary in nature, and the pioper development of the brain to reach the threshold of life, whence we can scan the horizon, and note our goal, can only be attained by a high educational career. We should never bar our women the pivilege of university studies on the ground that the marriage market is fluctuating and that, for lack of demand in this *wonderful market* for educated women, we have to keep them (according, to one pungent critic) like a "fire brigade always ready, but seldom wanted." A bad woman is bad in any walk of life and a moral character can only gain additional assets by education.

Our college education goes a great deal to make our sisters not only good wives and mothers, but also better leaders and rulers, examples of whom are already familiar to the public; we feel the that criticism that "the incubated college girl is wanting in qualities that make for domestic felicity and elegance," is baseless, when we see standing monuments of happy Wedded pairs, who are all the better for their education. Shakespearean philosophy has been found in these cases to make them endure, not only the tooth-ache, but all other aches patiently. It is true that an educated girl thinks she has a reasonable claim to any decent young man, who is not given to vices. It is better that these *remain unmarried than be wedded to the unworthy.* They are sufficiently cultured to make their own choice and not subject themselves to the will of old parents, whose follies are adequately criticised in our modern popular farces.

The question whether women should accept public offices is still under discussion, but we know that they are eminently fitted at least for educational and medical professsions.

It may be that the modern educated woman of Kerala has lost a little of her physical grace, compared with her mother and grand-mother before her, but we cannot say that her mental brilliancy is also lost. The introduction of several physical exercises into Women's Colleges is intended to make our sisters robust and energetic and none but ourselves are to be blamed if

such opportunities are not properly made use of. Personally, I cannot think of anything like physical brilliancy in any woman without adequate intellectual brilliancy, for by lacking in the latter women can never be good helpmates to man. We shall not insist on every woman taking to education as a duck takes to water; but every one that can afford it ought to have a university career which rubs off all angularities and makes us far different from our crude old grand-mothers. As for their conduct, there is no need, as one critic remarks, to issue a new code of morality; but such a code is at any rate highly essential for the moral paupers that are seen in the highways and bye-ways of life. We shall not dislike women for their alphabetical appendages, but shall ever hate their ignorance and illiteracy, the rooting-out of which means the salvation of our country.

R. CHINNAMMA.

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN

CHATHU surveyed the kitchen with a smile of satisfaction on his face. He held that a good meal, if it was not well served. as this was, was not worth its weight. A display of clean, white china gave peace to his soul. The clatter of dishes was like music in his ears.

"Say, Ammu, shall we eat now? Come along, I am feeling hungry," he said, addressing the fair maid that stood by the fireside. Her face assumed a cook of pain. "I am not feeling very well, Chathu, I don't want anything now. I think I had better fast this night." The smile left the man's face. "Don't starve," he advised; "and besides, if you don't eat, I shall not eat too," he added. "Indeed," said Ammu, and there was a smile in the corner of her eye, "that is as you please. Let me go and lie down a bit..." And in a moment she was gone, leaving Chathu in a fair state of desperation.

She closed the door of her small room, and gave vent to a peal of laughter. What fools these men were! Why, this was the fourth that had come there as servant, and all of them had fallen head over heels in love with her. What was more curious, they had all taken the same tactics of warfare. "Bah," said the fair servant-maid, "I am beginning to be tired of this game."

She then opened a small cupboard. From its recesses, she brought out a covered dish. That was her share of the 'rice and curry.' She ate with satisfaction. When all was quiet, she went down, cleaned the plates, and locking the kitchen-door, came away again.

That was the beginning of a noted campaign. We need not here go into the details of it. Suffice it to say that Chathu was starved out of his obstinacy. But he didn't seem to care very much about his humiliation. As usual, starving had had its strengthening effect. It was apparent to the most unobserving eye that the love that had been in his heart had become as dead as a door nail. An expression of indifference, almost of contempt, had come to his face—naturally, or by assiduous practice, I am not sure. All the world might talk, or laugh, or cry, or die—all the world, including his once-beloved Ammu;—but *he* didn't care. Ammu said that he was cultivating a taste for politics. She had based her conclusion on the fact that he had asked her one night for her opinion about the 'present state of affairs.' It was such an unusual thing. For his own part, said he, he was sure all the world was going to the dogs. But he never had a very high opinion of the world,—no, not he!

Thus, weeks passed on. Ammu might have thought that life was a dull business. But it was curious she did not express her opinions aloud, as was her wont. Chathu had grown more and more methodical. His very walk was now a model of precision. The master and mistress used to tell visitors that he was a perfect servant. But he was not puffed-up. The master's little boy affirmed, whenever he was asked, that he liked Chathu above every one else in the house. The child would play with him, eat with him, even sleep with him. Chathu too loved that little boy very much. The inquisitive eyes of Ammu had once watched these two together. For a time Gopi, that was the child's name, talked and played, Chathu accommodating himself to the roles of a variety of animals. When at last he was tired, the child got on to the sofa, and was soon asleep. Chathu approached gently, and kissing the beautiful face, stood there, lost in thought. Yes, it was a lovely vision that he was contemplating. The child had taken one little thumb into its mouth, and the well-formed, cherub lips, and the fair cheeks moved with a tender movement. The petal-like lids closed softly over the large eyes. The dark hair fell in wavy ringlets over face and neck. Chathu sighed deeply, but he did not hear the answering sigh that came from the window at his back.

One day, Chathu had been away 'marketing.' On coming back, he directed his steps as usual to the kitchen. But it was evident there was a commotion in the room. He heard the indistinct murmur of a man's voice—yes, it belonged to Karappan, the 'driver.' Then he heard Ammu's angry voice, and she was calling his name! Slowly he entered, and methodically placed the basket he carried, in a corner of the room. Karappan had left his hold of Ammu's hands as he entered. There was no need for explanations.

His face bore its usual expression. There was no emotion in his walk. But a subtle change had come over him, and Karappan felt that he had to deal with a very serious man indeed. Like most 'drivers', he believed in the efficacy of bluff. He thought that he could 'laugh it away.' But the heavy blow that stretched him on the floor must have altered the tenor of his opinions considerably. "Now go and see to the washing of that car, and don't again bring in here that face of yours," Chathu ordered.

Then he turned to Ammu, who was fairly astounded at the man's coolness. "I didn't do it because of any love for you," he said, with deliberate plainness, but an unconscious gentleness softened his voice. "I think I should have done as much for *any* girl." Then he went out.

In her room that night, Ammu went over the exciting events of the day. She would have laughed, but for once the ready laughter failed her. As she laid her head on the pillow, there was a tear in her bright eye. "Oh my poor, dead mother," she prayed, "help me — — I — Oh, I do not know what has come to me!" — —

"Ever read this?" Chathu asked Ammu one night, holding a small book towards her. ' No? you should read it." Ammu took the book "What is it about, Chathu?" she asked.

"Oh, it is an inspired attack on vice in general, and of drinking and debauchery in particular," he replied, in his most matter-of-fact voice. Ammu had grown thoughtful. "Well, I don't want to read it. Why are you always so serious, Chathu? Do you never laugh now?" she asked, and her voice was unconsciously tender.

"I do laugh now and then— — See, here goes." he said, bursting into a loud peal of laughter. Ammu replied: "Don't for mercy's sake, don't mock me — I am sorry for the trick I played on you that night — But I didn't know— —"

Chathu: "Good God, I had quite forgotten that incident. Why —," and again he burst out laughing.

Ammu: 'Why should you tease me like this? Chathu? I would like to be—friends—My mother"— (she gulped down the words)— "and I have no one—" and I have no one—" and the tears came in spite of her brave efforts.

"You have me, my dearest," he said, taking her in his strong arms. "I love you, Ammu, your beauty, and your mischief and everything. And about that incident, don't be too sad. I too didn't starve that night "

"SUMMI."

IN MAN'S REALM

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

".........Shall I tell him to mind his work and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman and a Gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want". Thus meditated Squire Brown while sending his son to the public school at Rugby, which had then for some years been under the rule of Dr. Thomas Arnold, one of the four eminent Victorians of whom a masterly sketch has been given us by Lytton Strachey.

In August 1827, the headmastership of the Rugby School became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wooll, who had held it for twenty-one years. Many canvassed for the appointment, but the twelve noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire, who were the trustees of the school, were determined to be guided entirely by the merits of the candidates. Among the applications received was one from Thomas Arnold, supported by a letter from Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, boldly predicting that, if Arnold were appointed, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. The trustees unhesitatingly accepted the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins and appointed Arnold.

At the time that Arnold entered upon his duties as the headmaster of Rugby, the public schools of England presented a picture of "anarchy tempered by despotism". The life lived by boys combined licensed barbarism with the minute study of the niceties of Greek and Latin verses. It was "a life of freedom and terror, of prosody and rebellion, of interminable floggings and appalling practical jokes". A feeling of deep dissatisfaction displayed itself in many responsible quarters with the kind of instruction imparted. Classical reading unmixed with other information was denounced as narrow and of no utility. Religious men like Wilberforce and Bowdler were scandalised by the absence of systematic attempts to impart a Christian character to the tone prevailing among the boys. The scenes in the school chapel gave no promise of forming Christian character. "While some antique fellow doddered in the pulpit, rats would be let loose to scurry among the legs of the exploding boys". Consequently, a strong agitation arose, demanding a change in the system of education and in the administration of the schools. A more liberal curriculum of studies to suit the utilitarian tendencies of the time and a rise in the moral tone of the boys were insisted upon. To Arnold, the necessity for reforming the schools was apparent; but his education and temperament led him to consider

the moral rather than the intellectual side of the problem. Six months before joining Rugby he wrote to the Reverend Tasker, "With regard to reforms at Rugby, give me credit, I must beg of you, for a most sincere desire to make it a place of Christian education. At the same time, my object will be, if possible, to form Christian men......"

When the call came to him from Rugby, Arnold had spent four years in Oxford and nine years at Laleham as a private tutor after taking a first class in the University of Oxford in "Litterae Humaniores". Men taking to private tuition generally regard it as a means to an end and look with impatience for the day when they can cast it off and be settled steadily in life. But Arnold took to it as the business of his life and looked upon it as a profession as good as any other. To a friend who was about to engage in a similar occupation, he wrote after he had been three years at Rugby "I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerits of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life". His influence over his pupils in Laleham was marvellous. He was exceedingly mindful of plodders. Once he lost patience with a boy of this kind and spoke harshly to him. The unfortunate boy looking up in Arnold's face said "Why do you speak angrily, Sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can '. Arnold told this story to his children years afterwards, confessing "I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech, I have never forgotten." In fact, every pupil of his in Laleham was made to feel that he had a work to do and that he ought to do it well. Although all of them were not of the same abilities. every one of them could be of use to mankind. Thus, a sort of self-respect was awakened in the boys which made them conscious that God had made the world big enough to admit of useful and conscientious labour even from the weakest of His children.

In Laleham, Arnold would begin his lessons at seven in the morning and keep on till three in the evening with an interval for breakfast. Then he would romp and play with his pupils in the garden and merrily battle with spears with them. Often, he would walk with them until dinner-time and have them around him in his drawing room after tea. He did not however confine his time to his pupils. He would use some of his spare hours in assisting the curate of Laleham and in visiting the poor of the villages around. By his life he imparted such a healthy tone to those around him that a newcomer at Laleham felt that a great and earnest work was going on there. So strong was his attachment to Laleham that, on receiving the news of his appointment to the Rugby school, he felt very sorry that he had to leave a place which had been full of peace and happiness for him.

In Rugby, Arnold continued the method he had followed in Laleham. Before entering upon his duties, he came to an understanding with the trustees of the school that he should have complete independence in the actual working of the school and that if they were dissatisfied with him, they should dismiss him and not interfere with his work. Far different was his attitute towards his assistants. He invariably consulted them in matters concerning discipline in the school. Every three weeks he held a council, in which all questions relating to the school administration were discussed with his assistants. They were invited to a free and frank discussion and it often happened that in these councils, he was opposed and out-voted ! When making enquiries for a candidate for an assistant master's post, he wrote, "what I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man and one who has commonsense and understands boys.........I prefer activity of mind and an interest in work to high scholarship ; for the one may be far more easily acquired than the other". To a candidate, who has been appointed as a master, he wrote, "the qualifications which I deem essential to the due performance of a master's duty here may in brief be expressed as the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman".

Thackeray once observed that there was more truth in fiction than in history. But, it does not underrate the many biographies wtitten of Dr. Arnold to say that a vivid picture of his life among the boys at Rugby can be obtained from that excellent work of fiction, in which the meditating Squire already mentioned appears as a prominent character. "Tom Brown's schooldays", written by Thomas Hughes and placed for its merits on a level with Testalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude", deserves to be read side by side with Dean Stanley's "Life and correspondence of Thomas Arnold". On the night of the day on which Tom arrived at Rugby, the prayer bell rang when the quarter to ten struck. All the boys ranged themselves in order and waited solemnly. Then, to the cry of 'Hush', in strode Dr. Arnold "cap on head, book in one hand and gathering up his gown with the other". Tom looked horribly fascinated, as the doctor stood there and read out a Psalm from the book in "that deep, ringing, searching voice of his". The doctor was very fond of reading the Psalms, relating to the beauty of the natural world. He read them without comment, but his reading was such as to impress the boys and make them exclaim that they had not understood the Psalms before.

The day after Tom's arrival in Rugby was a Sunday. At eleven o' clock in the morning, he had a sight of the doctor again, in the school chapel. Neither the service nor the doctor impressed him much ; but his feelings in the afternoon chapel were quite different. Prayers had been said, a hymn had been sung; and

then came that great event in the life of every Rugby boy—the first sermon of the doctor. The school chapel occupied a more important place in Dr. Arnold's labours than the class room. When the chaplaincy of Rugby fell vacant, he begged of the trustees to recommend him to the office, as he felt that as headmaster, he was the real and proper religions instructor of the boys. He was inclined to forego the salary attached to the chaplaincy, as he considered that he was already paid for his services. Having been appointed, he preached almost every Sunday of the school-year until the end of his life. There is not an account more moving than the one in which Thomas Hughes quotes some of the words of the doctor's sermon delivered on the Sunday following the unexpected death of a school boy from fever.

One of the telling features in Dr. Arnold's method was to put old boys in charge of young ones and steady the character of the former. Tom's behaviour during the second half-year was such that the doctor seriously contemplated expelling him; for, very often, on the morning after a half-holiday, Tom had to be sent for and flogged for some reckless act or other. The doctor feared that in another year, Tom might infect all the younger boys. However, at the suggestion of Tom's master, the doctor placed a remarkable clever little lad under Tom's care; and what wonderful effect this act of the doctor had on Tom's character is well described in the second part of Thomas Hughes's admirable book.

It was in July 1842. Tom had left Rugby and proeeded to Oxford. He was now enjoying a holiday in the company of two fellow-students with a fishing-rod in the wildest parts of Scotland while intent on a fish which had risen twice at him, one of his companions raised his head from a fortnight—old weekly paper soiled with the marks of toddy-glasses and tobacco ashes and said "Hullo Brown, here's something for you, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead". This news unnerved Tom. Dropping his fishing rod, he took over the newspaper from his companion with hands trembling and eyes swimming and read it over and over again. Yes, Arnold of Rugby had died on the 12th June somewhat suddenly of 'angina pectoris', while his physician was preparing medicine and Mrs. Amold had gone out to bring the children. Brown could no longer enjoy his holiday and immediately took leave of his companions. "I'm afraid that confounded newspaper has spoiled Brown's fun for this trip", said one of the companions "How odd", returned the other, "that he should be so fond of his old master". And yet they also were public-school men.

It is scarcely right to think that the life of Arnold is of value only to educationists. Even those who have no special interest in education will find in the life of that 'great and good Englishman'

an example of a sincere and truthful man, who was not contented to be righteous himself but made righteous all those with whom he came in contact. Truth, and nothing but the truth, did Matthew Arnold record, when in his 'Rugby Chapel' he wrote fifteen years after his father's death.—

But thou would'st not alone
Be saved, my father !, alone
Conquer and come to thy goal
Leaving the rest in the wild.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CH. XXXIV DIARRHOEA.

BY diarrhaea is meant frequency of stools in a more or less watery manner. It is due in most cases to some putrefactive organism in the bowel and is very common in children, because (1) the sterlising power of the child's stomach is small. (2) the children are mainly fed on milk which forms a convenient medium for germs; (3) infants are particularly liable to chill and consequent affection of the bowels and (4) infants being on a liquid diet are more prone to loose evacuations than older children on a solid diet.

Causes: (1) Unhygeinic conditions such as over-crowding, want of ventilation, etc which produce pollution of air.

(2) Ingestion of decomposing food, or milk, which has reached a certain stage of decomposition. Such foods contain poisonous acids, which will excite diarrhœa by irritation and ingestion of undigestible things.

(3) Weather conditions such as a high atmospheric temperature, especially if long continued. A high temperature produces bad effects in the following ways :—(a) by its depressing influence on the bodily powers and the risk of chill while perspiring, (b) by stimulating bacterial growth in soil and water, (c) by increasing the rapidity with which various processes of decomposition and fermentation occur in food especially in milk, (d) a child in hot weather does not require as much food as it requires in the cold weather, for instance the food that a child takes in November or December will be too much for him in May or June, the result being that the digestion is very severely taxed, predisposing the child to diarrhœa.

(4) Damp and cold and sudden vicissitudes are also undoubted causes.

(5) Dentition—sometimes.

(6) Malarial infection.

(7) Worms.

(8) Pregnancy in the nursing mother.

Symptoms. Frequency of stools accompanied by vomiting sometimes and fever. The stools vary in different cases and deserve special notice; (a) in some cases there is simply a relaxation of the bowels unaccompanied by any constitutional symptoms and without much alteration in the colour of the stools. This is a simple diarrhœa and is perhaps nature's method of eliminating undesirable contents of the bowels. This form is easily amenable to ordinary treatment. (b) In other cases the stools are curdy and contain parts of undigested milk. These motions are sour-smelling and acid. There is no fever generally, but pain may be present. This kind of motion indicates that there is some irritating material in the bowel (eg. undigested food) and consequently the contents are hurried on before they can be digested. This is due generally to some indiscretion in diet and abates as soon as the cause in removed. (c) In another class of cases (rare), the stools are characterised by a horrible smell. They are copious and muddy in colour. This kind indicates that putrefaction has taken place in the bowels and that the bile, which is a disinfectant of the bowel, is deficient. (d) In yet another class of cases there is very violent watery diarrhœa. The onset is sudden; motions are copious and are either green or colourless. This kind of diarrhœa is soon followed by its concomitant general symptoms, namely, the hands and feet become cold, the face pale, the eyes sunken, and the lips thin. The child is restless and sleepless, he moans frequently or shrieks and is never quiet. All these point to the rapid drawing away of fluids from the body and call f r an immediate supply of fluid. (e) There is another variety of diarrhœa, which is accompanied by fever.

Prognosis: This depends on the infant, its surroundings, the amount of infection and the length of illness. An infant having good vitality, careful diet and proper hygeine has a better chance of recovery. Simple diarrhœa and diarrhœa of indigestion and dentition get cured naturally or under ordinary treatment. But the other kinds are grave and require prompt and efficient treatment. Signs of bad omen are:

1. Depression of fontanelles,
2. Sunken and staring eyes,
3. Haziness of the eyeball,
4. Wrinkling of the skin.
5. Quick gasping respiration.

Treatment. Cases of ordinary diarrhœa i.e., those unaccompanied by constitutional symptons, yield promptly to a dose of castor oil and a correction in diet. Castor oil has a constipating after-effect and is therefore particularly valuable in these cases.

But if the diarrhœa is at all severe the treatment must be more elaborate and should be conducted on the following lines :—

Hygeinic treatment : The infant should be put into the best and cleanest possible surroundings, in a clean and airy room, with clean linen, clean bed, an active attendant etc., in short all sanitary conditions must be perfect. If sea-air is obtainable, it is well and good. The child must be bathed or washed daily with lukewarm water. The child's mouth should be frequently swabbed out with cold water.

Diet. To begin with, nothing is to be given except rice water. It is less irritating than any other cereal diet and is made by adding one tablespoon of old rice to 1½ pints of water, boiling, straining, and adding a pinch of salt. This should be the sole diet for at least 24 hours. If the infant is breast-fed, discontinue the breast and substitute rice water. After 24 hours, or if the symptoms have abated, skimmed milk or mother's milk may be allowed alternately with rice water. The strength of the feeds should be increased, and the return to normal feeding accomplished only very slowly. Under no circumstances should sugar or any fat containing food be given for several days. In addition to rice water, plain boiled water to which are added common salt and soda at the rate of half a tea-spoon of each to 1 pint, should be freely given. The addition of half a grain of saccharine to the water will make it more palatable and the child will readily take this in large quantities and by so doing supply the loss of fluid and become thirsty for more water. One will be surprised to see the quantity of saline water that these children absorb.

Drugs will sometimes be necessary. *Bismuth subnitrate* or *Bismuth salicylate* in doses of 3 to 10 grains every few hours will be very useful in checking the diarrhœa. Opium and its preparations should be absolutely prohibited. If there is fever, application of cold evaporating lotions or Eau de cologne or ice bag (India Rubber) should be considered. Drugs are rarely indicated. If the fever is suspected to be of malarial origin, small doses of quinine should be given with Bismuth If the diarrhoea is one of fetid type, calomel ⅛ grain should be given four times in the day, until the colour and smell are altered. If the diarrhoea is sour-smelling, give Woodward's gripe water,

Foot note.—Bismuth subnitrate or Bismuth salicylate pills of required strength are put up by Messrs Burroughs Welcome & Co. and are available in bazaars. In the absence of these, Vasambu

(Tamil), Vasa, (Telegu), Vayambu (Malayalam), or sweet flag (English), is a popular domestic remedy and can be administered in any form. It is generally burnt over castor oil flame and is given in doses of about 3 grains rubbed with water. An infusion prepared by infusing 2 oz of bruised Vasambu, 1 drachm (one anna weight) of coriander seed, ½ drachm of black pepper in a pint of water, boiled down to 12 oz. and strained after cooling, is another method. Dose 1-3 tea-spoons sweetened with honey or saccharine. This drug cannot be depended upon in severe diarrhoea.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

I agree with Sister Susie's latest suggestion on the sleeve fashion. I would add also that in these days of so much nationalism, Indians whether Christians or non-Christians, should be as much Indian as possible in style and customs.

I would particularly like to draw the attention to the *Bottu*—the tiny vermilion spot on the forehead. It has been my one aim for some years now to find out if there is really any religious significance to it, and all in vain. I learn from all quarters that the marks worn by men on their foreheads—the exclamation or the hundred and eleven, as they are popularly and jocosely called, bear religious significance, but the tiny round spot worn by women is considered to signify more *Maidenhood* and *Wifehood*.

It is argued that, if the Bottu had any religious significance, the poor Hindu widow would never discard it, as it is more as a widow that she becomes more religious and performs strict puja to atone for the sin of widowhood.

Also it is contended that non-Hindu, and non-Christian religionists, like the Brahmos, and the Aryasamajists, who are more or less Monotheists, adopt the bottu.

So the bottu is, I consider, purely a *beauty mark*.

Formerly, when Brahmins and non-Brahmins were converted to the Christian faith, these newly, converted Indians adopted Western styles and customs and did away with most of their Indian habits, the *bottu* being one amongst many. Fortunately and wisely, the sari was retained!

Now in these days one finds even non-Christians adopting Western styles to extremes, and child-widows wearing bottus, so that one is hardly able to tell the difference between Christians and non-Christians.

Hence I suggest that Christians, who are also trying to go back to their Indian styles and customs, and who, preferring Indian names to English, are re-baptising themselves with Indian names, should also adopt the bottu. I sincerely think the finishing touch to the sari with the accompanying short-sleeved blouse that Sister Susie suggests, and some neat jewellery, is the pretty *Vermilion Bottu.*

Yours sincerely,

KANAKAMMA,

N. B.—I venture to disagree with "Kanakamma" about the *Bottu.*

SISTER SUSIE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS.

THE SCHOOL-MARM.

"WHO is Narayani? What is she, that all her girls adore her?" I asked a pupil once, she was a grown-up girl;—and immediately she went into raptures.

"Oh, she is such a nice creature What should we, girls, do without her? She is mother, eldest sister, teacher, mistress, to us, all in one. She is the Superintendent of our school".

"But what is it you like so much in her?" I asked.

"Oh, everything: I can say she is perfect, or almost perfect. But most of all, we like the interest she takes in us, really and truly, not for gaining our favour, or because it is her duty. She really loves us".

"What, all the new girls who come every year?"

"Yes, strange as it may seem. She has such a large heart. She likes the naughty ones, too; in fact she is kindest to them, and they do wonders when with her. You see, she does not scold them, but tries to see what is wrong with them, why they are naughty and careless; and, having found out, she works on the best line she can find. I can tell you, she has discovered a few brilliant ones in that way, who would otherwise have been dubbed incorrigible, because they could not get on in the general way".

"Really? Does she never punish?"

"Of course, she does; but she does not do it to hurt the culprit. She really punishes us by making us feel ashamed, or by taking off some of the luxuries we prize, or by curtailing our liberty a little. The other day, a girl was caught in a theft. Her mother, who was her teacher, punished her by making her kneel

for two hours on end. But, our teacher punished her by making her walk up and down solitarily in a corner of the garden, where we were playing about She got both exercise and open air; but oh, she was ashamed. There was another girl, who refused to wash her plates as we all have to do, our school being rather a poor one. The teacher did it herself, two or three times; and she did it so sweetly that the girl got ashamed and consented to do her duty".

"So, you all obey her?"

"Rather. We have to do it, especially as she always gives us reasonable orders But, even if she did not, we would go out of our way to do her will."

"And what else does she do?

"Oh, she helps us to prepare our lessons, by teaching us quick ways and so on. She never gets tired of answering reasonable questions. She never gets cross with any one, unless the latter happens to be ride on purpose. But, when that happens, I tell you, we tremble. And then, she joins us in our games, or takes an interest in all our hobbies. Each teacher spends an evening with us. I tell you, we adore her".

"Does she teach you anything

"Doesn't she? She is very clever, and she coaxes us and makes us like to study, for she makes her lessons so interesting to us. And she is never angry, if we do not understand, but keep on worrying her to explain further."

"In fact, she is a paragon. But, does she get any time for herself?

"Of course, she does. *We see* to that. She is rather delicate; and we try to spare her, even while we worry her. But she will not allow us to sentimentalise over her."

"Do the other teachers like her?"

"They are very jealous of her, especially when she sides with us for the sake of justice. The others are all selfish and think of their pleasures. They hate mixing with us, except as a duty. So, they say our Narayani Amma is trying 'to catch crows with us'; and thus get into the good graces of our Principal. But we know. We hate to leave her, when we go home. But, she makes us see that we should love home. And we really do, you know. She corresponds with the girls who leave school, and visits them sometimes, and so they still have her as a friend. She also helps the very poor girls with money. And, she never allows us to talk ill of other teachers. In fact we think she is too much of a *goody-goody* in that way. She forgives too much".

"She helps you to find work, after you leave school?"

"That she does. Oh, she is a wonder"!

"PANKAJAM."

SOCIETY SNAPS.

In these days of 'Swaraj' and 'Self-Government', it may sound invidious if any one advises social intercourse between the East and the West. But leaving aside political matters, I do think it is very necessary especially at this present time. There is so much of value that the East and the West can learn from each other; and opportunities for such ought not to be lost. And there are friends worth having on both sides. There is usually a thick wall between an Eastern and a Western, which one feels cannot be broken through; in spite of some common interests, the chief basis is untouched. But it does happen in a few cases; and when that comes, rich indeed is the friendship, far richer than between people of the same nation. But, apart from that, even casual acquaintance may produce great results. This being so, it is a sad thing that it seems to be coming into fashion, among ladies at least, for a European lady to give a party to only Indian ladies. I went to one such, and the only European present was the hostess. Of course, we enjoyed ourselves; but why the restriction, I thought. Was it because the hostess thought the Indians would be more at home by themselves, or did the Europeans feel that Indian company would be too boring for them? I admit that the last thought is a nasty one, and I apologise if I am wrong; but it cannot be denied that such a question forces itself to be asked.

Again, it is becoming the custom to have exclusive clubs for Indians alone. This is not right in several ways, one of them being that it is a sort of just reprisal on the part of the Indians, for the non-admission of Indians into some European clubs. But, at the same time, I think there ought to be a mixed club for Easterners and Westerners in every station.

Then again, in England, it often happens that an Indian chooses to mix only with Indians, partly from shyness I believe. I think, if an Indian does think of going to England, he ought to make it a point to mix with the natives of the country. But let him beware that it does not lead him to despise Indian customs and eschew Indian company.

"SOUR-SWEET".

TACT IN SOCIETY.

There are some people, who never understand kindness. They presume on them. What should we do with them? Put them down kindly, you could say, or drop friendship with them. But then, suppose they do not understand, and think it is right on their part to take advantage. For instance, when we think a friend is specially kind to us, we think she loves us; and we may think that it gives her pleasure to do us favours. I know of a girl, who used to ask her friend constantly for flowers, because the latter liked the girl's appreciation of her beautiful garden. Of course, it was pleasant to be so asked now and then. But constantly? And then, one keeps on asking for loans of cars, or for loans of other things. I have known a person, who asked for gifts in that way. My father had a dear, but rather foolish, friend. The latter was once shown a beautifully-bound prayer book, which my father had just bought. He wanted it, and my father at once gave it away, apparently happily; but we knew how difficult it was for him; and we thought he ought to have refused the request.

I still think he should have refused. Of course, you would say, that a friend of that sort is not a friend worth having. I don't know about that. We have friends, who have more drastic faults. There are people, who have sinned morally and are going on gaily in their course; but they are received with open arms into society. This poor friend of ours was guilty of a small drawback, I consider. He could easily have been set right. A good strong hint would have done it; and did so later; for you see the friend loved my father dearly, and wished to please him. "A stitch in time saves nine", you know. It is the same in this matter; but be quiet, and it becomes a case of "give an inch and take an ell". After all, if a gentle, friendly, necessary hint is misunderstood by a friend, the latter is not worth keeping.

"Worldly-Wise".

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

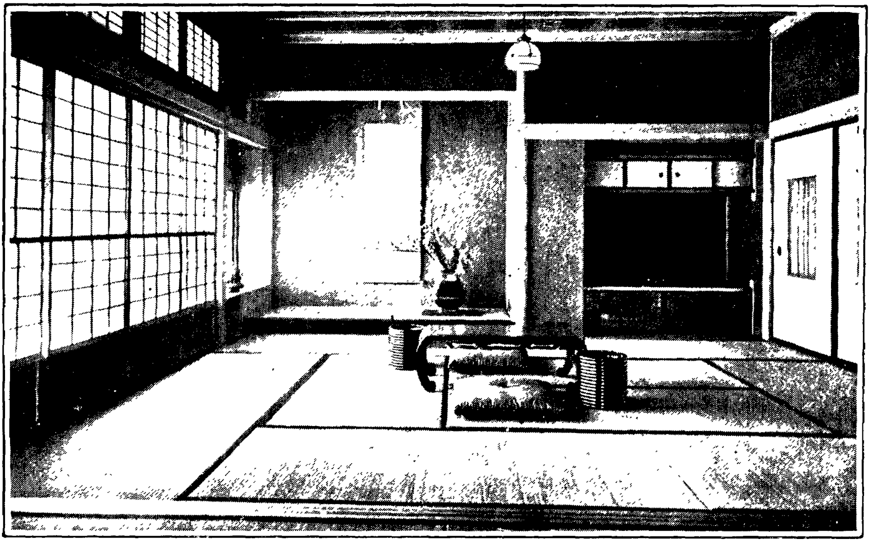
The other day, I was in camp, and used up all my working-day Saris, as I call them; and I did not know what to do, as I did not wish to spoil my good silk ones by rough use There was no good Dhoby in the place: and I had no iron with me. So, I got a Sari washed with good soap, had the water pressed out gently, not squeezed out; folded it lengthwise and hung it over a line till three-quarters dry. Then, I had it put, folded lengthwise, under the mattress of the camp bed of our heaviest man, and , behold, it was quite ready for use the next day.

Sleeping in the open air is advised everywhere : but there are not many Indians, who like to sleep out. They think it is enough to sleep in a room with windows wide open. I think this is quite enough for ordinary health ; but for an extraordinary feeling of well-being, there is nothing like the open. A good place will be the verandah, if wide enough ; or under the porch I have heard that it is not good to sleep without some sort of roof, even though it be a sheet or a blanket stretched over the mosquito-curtain Some doctors say that there is no harm done. However, the porch is good enough ; the only trouble being that one has to run in, as soon as the light breaks. This is all very well for very early risers ; but for those, who wish to sleep later into the morning, a second bed ought to be kept ready in the bed-room. Of course, it will be warmer there by contrast ; but no one minds that in a sleepy condition.

'PADDY'

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS

The other day I was reading 'The Parents' Magazine' and I came across some hints for furnishing the *living-room*, which is what we would call the *drawing-room*. In many Indian homes, it is the custom to keep a separate room for guests to be received in, a stiff room of carefully-arranged chairs. One feels so aloof in it, whether as a guest, or as a host. I would advise that the drawing room be made use of constantly for the family to meet in. It should be a place for meeting, for playing, for quiet leisure, for grand hospitality, in fact "all things to all people." The difficulty comes in the fact that some Indians, especially the women, feel more comfortable sitting on the floor, than on chairs; whereas European guests will want chairs. Well, why not combine both styles in the sitting room ? A fine Eastern carpet along one side or two, with cushions ranged against the walls, would be fine. As a side issue, I would advise a high-enough wooden plank let into the wall, so that the cushions can be kept clean. With these divans, can be mixed up comfortable lounges and chairs, and convenient tables. With regard to pictures and ornaments, tastes will differ, and individuals must judge for themselves. Personally, I would advise as many Indian things as possible, with some pictures and objects of general interest thrown in. The lighting ought to be good for reading and writing and working ; and should be well arranged. It must be remembered that a living-room must consist of groups or units, so that people can work at different things ; yet the whole must be so beautifully arranged and ordered that the order appears casual and not forced.



Japanese Sitting Room.

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MADRAS

The articles of furniture must be more sound and solid delicate and liable to be broken. There should also not be many fragile things about, or too delicate colours which can be soiled easily.

Also, there should not be too much regard for tidiness. Of course, everything must be in good order, but a little disarrangment must not matter. There should also be plenty of light and much space to roam about in.

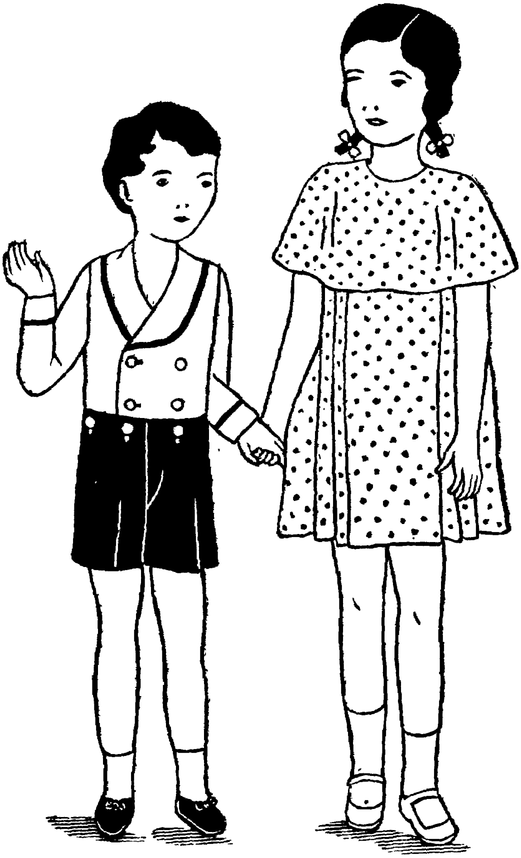
There should be for instance, a desk with its chair and light, then the piano with its stool and music-cabinet by it. Perhaps, the same light can be made to do for both the units. There, then, must be easy chairs for rest, with little tables on which are placed things for smokers. I would like also many books in an alcove, and certainly flowers are very necessary.

The question of colouring is important. The Parents' Magazine makes a great deal of it, and indeed it is important, as it has a definite effect on the mind. In the first place there must be plenty of sunshine. But in India, where the sun's light is so strong, it will be just as well to temper by mild colouring, such as greys or greens, or browns or pale colours. I would advise a scheme of three or four colours in a proper harmony. As I have read, there are many new colours, and many new combinations of them, now available. Here are suggestions :

A colour, mixed with light green and gold, or toned with olive-green and tar; or blue, pale yellow and tar. One is advised to reproduce the dominant colour of the room on the flooring. Perhaps, the latter could be selected first, and the rest of the scheme built around it. As for curtains, the fewer the better. Have them only for shading or screening. I would not admit a gorgeous pattern for any part. A plain carpet means some design in curtains or furniture upholstering; if two sorts of designs are used, one must be subordinate to the other; the dominant one being used for the hangings. A patterned carpet goes well with one-colour curtains, or upholstering. One is advised that cushion covers should be plain with flowered uphol, stery, and should be in one of the dominant colours.

"HOME-DECORATOR"

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES



(FROM THE PARANT'S MAGAZINE)

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

GULOORI.

(TRANSLATED)

Take ½ measure of powdered-wheat (rolong) and 2½ palams of rice-flour. Mix the two well, and adding a little water, knead, and allow the dough to soak for about 15 minutes. Put it on a flat board and beat it well with an iron-pounder until, it becomes soft. Divide this into 40 equal portions and make 40 balls. Place these balls on a plantain leaf smeared with a little quantity of gingelly oil and cover the balls with a clean piece of wet cloth.

After this, mix 8 palams of soft white sugar with an equal quantity of fine rice flour and grind well.

Now, take one of the 40 balls mentioned above and make it into a hollow cup, and put into this cup 3/8 palams of the mixture of sugar and flour referred to above and close the mouth of the cup well and make it a round ball-cake. Place this on a board, spreading a little quantity of fine rice-flour over the board and the cake and roll very flat.

Take a viss of good ghee and boil in a frying pan. When the ghee is hot, put the flat cake in, and pour one spoonful of boiling ghee over the cake As soon as the top bulges out, turn the cake over and pour one spoonful of the boiling ghee again over this portion also. Do the same to the other cakes.

Upperi. (Prepared from green-plantains.)

Take some green plantains. Cut and remove the two ends of the plantain as also the green outer layer. Cut the pulp into thin slices and have 6 palams of the slices ready for use.

Then take ¼ palam of chili-powder, ¼ palam of powdered salt and ⅛ measure of sour-curds. Mix these three well, and put the slices (of plantains) into this mixture and allow them to get well-soaked for about half-an-hour.

Finally, take 8 palams of ghee or oil and boil in a frying pan. As soon as the ghee or oil boils, put ½ quantity of the soaked slices into it. When the slices float, remove them.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

APPLES FOR DYSENTERY.

Old popular remedies have a happy knack of turning up again, to the joy of sceptics, cynics, and other non-progressives. The latest revival is the use of apples in dysentery, typhoid, and other acute and chronic diarrhoeal disorders of infancy and childhood, says *The Lancet* (March 8, 1930). Professor Moro, professor of diseases of children in the University of Heidelberg, recently discovered in an old book that apples were reputed to be a sovereign reme y for these disorders, and set himself to determine what grain of truth might lie in this. Accordingly, children with high fever and dysentery, often seriously ill, were given ripe apples mashed into a puree, as much as 20 to 50 ounces daily—equalent to 7 to 20 moderate-sized apples. Nothing else was given for two days, not even water. After this, a diet, consisting of stale bread and butter, toast, mashed potatoes, lean meat, cream cheese, bananas, and cocoa, was given for another two days, and then the child

resumed its normal diet. Fifty-two cases—some frank dysentery, others of non-specific acute and chronic diarrhoeas of childhood—were treated on these lines with excellent results; within 12 to 24 hours the fever had fallen, the diarrhoea had stopped, and the child looked well. No bad effect was observed; relapses were very uncommon, and when they did occur were easily cured by another "apple day." No medicine was given —*American Medicine.*

THE NURSE HERSELF.

Be students still; be students always Keep up your old interests; drop none if you can help it. Keep up your music, your art, your hobbies, your tastes, your religious feelings, your sense of wonder and worship, your enthusiasms, your youthful feeling of the goodness of life. Above all, keep up your general reading.

Be persons as well as nurses. Indeed, you must be persons if you are to be worth-while nurses. If you narrow your whole thought to nursing, your nursing will fail through hopeless narrowness. You cannot understand even the work of your hands, unless beyond it you can see life and the world. Don't waste time. Redeem your time. Buy back, that is, your odds and ends of time, by careful planning, for your own high uses. As students in hospital, you had lecture hours and study hours arranged for you, and the varied incentives of examinations, graduation, medals, diplomas, bouquets. Now that you are workers, if you find culture at all, it must be in the odds and ends of your time, and your incentives must be within yourselves. Here, as elsewhere, if there's a will there's a way. And here, as elsewhere, if there's no will, and therefore no way is found, and no achievement gained, the blame can be thrown, not upon lack of opportunity, but upon lack of will. The fatal lack is the lack of motive. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Finally, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"—*The Nursing Journal.*

ELECTROCUTING FLIES

In Prague an apparatus has been invented which kills flies by an electric current. It consists of a plate bound by thin copper wires and filled with a solution of sugar and syrup. The wires are connected with an electric light so that as soon as the fly touches the plate it is electrocuted.—*Treasure Chest.*

THE WEAKER SEX IN AFRICA.

Native tradition in Nigeria has it that boys are the weaker sex, says an official report submitted to the British Committee of the 1931 conference on African Children. Hence the male infant is nursed by its mother for a full two years, while the small girl has to be content with not more than eighteen months maternal nourishment. If the mother has no milk, or her milk is considered unsuitable, the child may be fed by another woman or by several different women. Even when there is no need, says the report, the feeding is often mixed and in many parts of the northern provinces infants are starved for the first forty-eight hours of their lives.

THE HEALTH OF SPAIN.

In Spain, milk means goat's milk Under-nourished children and invalids occasionally have cow's milk obtained for them. No dairy herds or buildings are seen. The farm buildings are usually small stone-huts. The abundant sunshine and outdoor life make the people healthy and strong, Tuberculosis is scarce, except a small amount in the cities. Children are well nourished and healthy looking with few manifestations of rickets. Typhoid fever is quite common in the rural districts but not in Barcelona.—*Wealth and Welfaire.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

MAHATMA GANDHI HAS SAID:

THE part played by women is indescribable. When the history of this movement comes to be written the sacrifices made by the women of India will occupy the foremost place, and just as with women so also with children, their wonderful awakening has fortified me in my faith that God is with us in this struggle. These young folk had never been organized for such a work, never been trained for it, How they came to achieve all these I have not been able to divine, nor has anyone else, whom I have consulted, been able to enlighten me as to who guided them. Only God could have done so.

—*Modern Review.*

MUSLIM LADIES DEFEND SARDA ACT.

The following memorial has been submitted to His Excellency the Viceroy by a large number of influential and respectable

Muslim ladies protesting against the opposition raised by a certain section of the Muslims against the Sarda Act :—

"We beg to inform Your Excellency that the educated women of India have learnt with surprise and pain that there is a likelihood of an exemption being sanctioned for the Mussalmans from the Sarda Act by Your Excellency's Government. We, speaking also on behalf of the Muslim women of India, assert that it is only a small section of Mussalman men who have been approaching Your Excellency and demanding exemption from the Act. This Act affects girls and women far more than it affects men and we deny their right to speak on our behalf. We have no desire to enter into the legal aspects of the case, but we would like to point out to Your Excellency that many of these very petitioners, who now cry out on the supposed changing of the Shariat law, have had and have no scruples in changing the Shariat law when it suits their own end. We would point out, for example, that the laws of Inheritance have been utterly changed by Customary Laws in important provinces like the U. P, (Taluqdari Customary Law), Punjab and Sind (the Zemindari Customary Laws) and various other parts of India. In the same way the Shariat Law of Divorce for women has been allowed to fall into disuse and no question has been raised about it. In other matters also, the law of Shariat for theft and murder has been changed and no Muslim voice has been raised against it. It is only when some political end is to be gained, that a misguided section of Muslims has been appealing to Your Excellency. We speak on behalf of ourselves and we deny the right of any other speaking for us without our being consulted in the matter. The Sarda Act which Your Excellency's Government has passed will always remain as one of the greatest acts of humanity carried out by the British Government in India. We consider it to be even more important than the Act abolishing *Sati*, which was passed in Lord Bentinck's regime. That Act affected only a section of India.

This present Act affects every girl and woman in India, irrespective of caste and creed from Peshawar to Cape Comorin. We earnestly beg of Your Excellency's Government not to pay any attention to people who have no right to speak on our behalf."

—*Stri Dharma.*

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN BENGAL.

According to the Report on Public Instruction in Bengal for the year 1929-30,

A remarkable increase in the number of high schools for Indian girls, from 24 to 33, occurred during the year under review

owing to the conversion of 3 middle English schools in Calcutta, the Binapani Purdah School, the Beltola School, and the Sakhawat Memorial School into high schools for girls at Burdwan, Howrah, Midnapore, Berhampore, Dacca and Mymensingh. Of the 33 high schools for girls, 4 were managed by Government, 25 were aided, and 3 unaided. The total number of girls reading in high schools increased from 6,766 in 1928-29, to 9,492 in 1929-30.

This increase in the number of girl pupils is satisfactory so far as it goes. But it is quite inadequate. There are districts in Bengal which do not possess a single high school for girls. That is a disgrace.

We read in the same report that there were, in 1929-39 in the post-graduate classes of the Calcutta University, 28 women and 17 women in the Arts and Science classes of the Dacca University. This is something. But the number of women students should be very much greater. We believe the post graduate classes are co-educational.

The same report states :

The scheme for the establishment under departmental control of a Women's Training College at Calcutta is still under discussion. Pending orders on this proposal, women teachers of secondary schools continue to be trained at the training departments attached to the Diocesan College and to the Loreto House, which had 16 and 15 students respectively on the 31st March 1930, as compared with 13 and 9 students in the previous year.

One would like to know the religion of these students. Christian missionary educational enteprise is certainly entitled to engage in all kinds of educational work. Bnt there ought to be much greater undenominational educational enterprise on the part of Government. The remarks apply *mutatis mutandis*, to the following paragraph also :

The number of training schools and classes for training women teachers employed in primary and the lower classes of secondary schools in Bengal remained unchanged at 10, *viz.* 3 directly managed by Government and 7 under the management of Christian and Brahmo Missions. These schools had altogether 220 pupils on their rolls on the 31st March 1930, as compared with 199 on the corresponding date of 1929. The total cost of maintenance amounted in the year under report to Rs 95,689, of which Rs. 78,456 was borne by Provincial Revenues, the corresponding figures for the previous year being Rs. 91,276 and Rs. 78,948, respectively. The Hindu and Moslem Women Training Schools, Calcutta are still located in rented buildings and the Dacca Training School also is reported to be badly accomodated.

The training class attached to the High School at Kalimpong had 13 students on the 31st march last.—*Modern Review.*

Dr. Chào-Chu Wu, Minister of China to the United States in the "Conclave of Nations" broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System on November 16, spoke as follows about the Feminist Movement in China:

"The Kuomintang, or the Nationalist Party, has adopted as one of its political tenants the legal and social equality of men and women. I may mention that at the Conference held at the Hague last spring for the Codification of International Law, which I attended and at which the nationality of married women was debated and warmly debated, it was discovered by the delegates of the various nations and by representatives of Feminist organizations, that Chinese legislation in regard to the nationality of married women was among the half-dozen most liberal and progressive of all the world. Women in China are taking their places as business managers, doctors, lawyers, judges, and officials, and responsible officials, of the Government. These then are some of the results of social change."

COCHIN WOMEN M.L.C.

Heartiest congratulations to the Women Members of the Cochin State Legislative Council, who succeeded in introducing a Bill for the prohibition of the Devadasi system in the State, induced the Members to suspend the usual procedure of sending the Bill to a Select Committee, to which only one member objected, and finally, after the Bill had been read, clause by clause, gained its a Second Reading and since then it has been finally passed.

Stri Dharma.

Miss Koko Nishimora has been awarded the Degree of Doctor of Medicine in Japan. She is the first woman to get this distinction in Japan. Some time ago two Japanese women were awarded the degree of Doctor of Science These are Miss Konoko Yasul and Miss Chikka Koroda. They are the first and only women who hold this degree.

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N. B.—We are sorry some mistakes have been made in the article "An example of Industrial Welfare Work", which appeared in the January number.

"Indian Employers in Bengal" should be "Indian Employees in Bengal."

"Laundry" on the same page should be "Foundry".

ED.—I. L. M.

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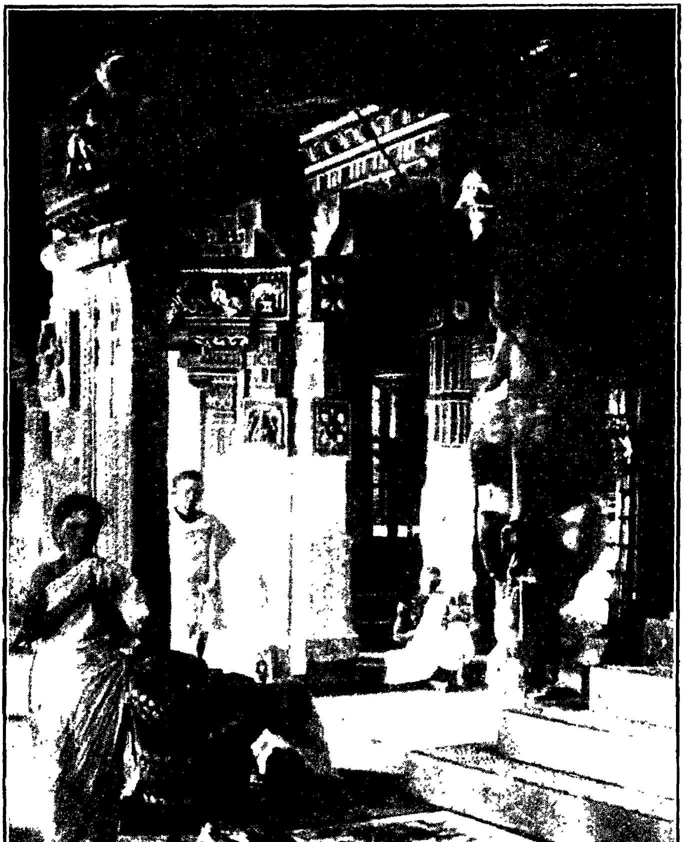

In the Temple

Photo by Klein and Peyerl, Madras